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BURNING OF THE PALACE OF THE KING OF THE BELGIANS AT LAEKEN, NEAR BRUSSELS.



SEARCHING FOR VALUABLES.

THE ROYAL PALACE OF LAEKEN, BRUSSELS, DESTROYED BY FIRE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been nearly sacrificed like an Indian widow upon a funeral pyre on the stage. That she exhibited something more than stage fright is not to be wondered at; but still there have been ladies who, under similar circumstances, have treated the devouring element with more coolness. On the first night on which "Lodoiska" was performed in London the draught from the wings fanned the flames of the burning castle too near the heroine (Mrs. Crouch), but, though they scorched her, she would not retire lest she should spoil the scene. Mr. Kelly, seeing her danger, rushed forward and caught her in his arms, when she fainted away. "Scarce knowing what he did, he turned her to the front of the stage with rapidity and undissembled terror." The plaudits both received from the audience for what was imagined to be a very fine piece of acting—for their danger and fears were perfectly in character—roused the lady to do her best: it not only ensured the success of the piece, but "ever after," we are told, "they profited from that involuntary scene by imitating as closely as possible their real fears in those they were obliged to feign."

It is the fashion to stigmatise modern plays as sensational, but hysterics in the stalls are, after all, exceptional with us. During the first performance of "Gabrielle de Vergi" (by Belloy) in Paris, so terrific was the effect of the dénouement that very many ladies had to be carried out, and some were taken to the dressing-room of M. Raymond (the chief actor in the play), where they were attended to, and revived. In the *Journal de Paris* of the next day the following advertisement was inserted beneath the playbill: "Ladies are hereby informed that M. Raymond's dressing-room, which last night was very slenderly provided with eau-de-cologne, brandy, and liqueurs, will this evening be supplied with a choice stock of everything that can tend to render swooning agreeable."

The burning question of whether children of tender years should be employed upon the stage has not yet burnt itself out; and it is curious that no examples from the past have been brought forward either for or against it. The number of juveniles who take part in theatrical entertainments is, of course, immensely greater than it used to be, and thereby benefits a much larger section of the community; but individual children, in the days of our forefathers, more often took leading parts, and received very considerable salaries. "The success of Master Betty," we read, "if it did not arouse juvenile emulation, at least excited the cupidity of parents, and a host of nursing Richards and pigmy Macbeths began to flood the stage." This was put a stop to by "a theatrical phenomenon" (a quarter of a century before Mr. Crummles's daughter), one Miss Mudie. She was but eight years old, and small for her age, yet she actually made her début at Covent Garden as Peggy, in the "Country Girl." She did not want for wits—indeed, her performance was pronounced "surprising"; but the absurdity of one of her age and stature being spoken of as a wife, and an object of jealousy, was too much for the common-sense of the house. She was also, unfortunately, playing with Miss Branton (afterwards Countess of Craven), who, as Alitheia, "with three upright ostrich feathers on her head, contributed a figure nearly seven feet high." When Peggy's guardian had to be kissed, though he was not a very tall man, he had almost to go on all fours. The climax, however, was reached when Charles Kemble (as Harcourt) has to say to Peggy, "Let me introduce you; you should know each other; you are very like, and of the same age." Then the audience rose and roared disapproval. The child, with a courage worthy of a better cause, walked to the footlights and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have done nothing to offend you, and as for those who are sent here to hiss, I will be much obliged to you to turn them out." But, though they applauded her pluck, little Miss Mudie had to be withdrawn.

The recent accounts of mummies, or of bodies much better preserved than mummies, found in English coffins are curious enough; but, as they are attested by the clergy (or, at lowest, a churchwarden), it is possible that they are true. It is strange how, in spite of religious convictions as to our poor tenement of clay, and of the warnings of sanitary science, we seek to preserve it from the dust. The brief advice given in the *Times* the other day by a dreadfully logical and common-sense correspondent, "Put quicklime in your coffins," will never be followed, nor will cremation become popular. Reason is no match for superstition with sentiment at its back. Other things than skeletons have, however, been found in coffins. When the French took Gerona from Pedro of Aragon, a swarm of white flies was said to have proceeded from the body of St. Narcis, which so stung the invaders that they evacuated the place; but this story was not believed by everybody. Yet in the *Monthly Magazine* for December 1805 there is this account of a contemporary event: "In preparing for the foundation of the new church at Lewes it became necessary to disturb the bones of the long defunct. Among them, in a leaden coffin, was a skeleton that had been interred sixty years, which, to the utter astonishment of all present, was found covered with myriads of flies, as active and strong on the wing as gnats in the summer air. Their wings were white, and, for distinction sake, the spectators called them 'coffin flies.'"

Rumour ("full of tongues") is no more careful than other linguists to adhere to the truth. I am told that it wilfully misled me the other day when I stated that the Arts Club had asked Mr. Stanley to dinner, and that his acceptance had been sent to the "Arts and Letters" Club. It appears that the reverse of this was the case. The end of the world would probably have neither been hastened nor retarded had this error remained uncorrected; but let us be exact or die.

The showman who was executed at Leeds the other day for the murder of his wife has left a letter behind him more

interesting, because it has so much more human nature in it, than any in the Chesterfield correspondence. He lays all the blame of what has happened upon his mother-in-law, whom he describes as a "witchcrafting old thing," and expresses his intention ("as I have heard talk about people being hanted") of haunting her. He is not disturbed about what will be said about his killing his spouse, but only lest he should be accused of not having paid for her interment: "I have had her burial as nice and comfortable as can be, and put up a nice gravestone." This is very much like what people often do who are not hanged (but only deserve to be): a post-mortem solicitude for our friends, however ill we may have treated them in life, is easy, and also cheap. The beginning of the letter, considering that the writer was to be executed within forty-eight hours, is philosophic to the last degree: "I write these few lines to you hoping to find you, as it leaves me at present, in as good health and spirits as pasable."

There is little excusable in the man's crime, but it is possible that the circumstance of his dwelling with a person of incompatible temper within unusually narrow limits may have conducted to it. The unhappy pair lived in a travelling caravan. This affords, no doubt, great change of views. The gentleman given to travel, who "liked to look on a fresh scene out of his window every morning as he was shaving," would find it the very thing for him; but within, life must be "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd." The proprietor does not go to his chambers or his office; his place of business and his home are one; and the inmates no doubt get exceedingly bored with each other's society. It is true that Mrs. Jarley and little Nell got on together very well in a caravan, but the objection, not altogether unfounded, made against that young woman is that she was an angel, much too good for human nature's daily food, and with whom a quarrel, even in a house on wheels, was impossible.

Though we have had a great deal of biography of late which ought never to have been published, it is no more a novelty than the influenza. Nearly a hundred years ago it was equally thought just, no matter how private were the affairs of an eminent person, that "the many-headed beast should know." The language, however, of one, at least, who objected to the practice was certainly stronger than in these days. He compares the biographers to "resurrection men," against whom neither laws nor patent coffins afford any protection. "No sooner is their man dead than these hungry fleshflies swarm about him, verifying a part only of Samson's riddle, 'they find meat, but they produce no sweetness.'" What he says of the after-proceedings is as applicable to-day as when he wrote it. "First come the news writers, then the magazines, with what Sir Richard Phillips calls 'a good death for the month'; the booksellers, ever on the watch to tempt curiosity, then set their ghouls at work; and lastly comes the over-zealous admirer, like the Roman Catholics who rob the body of their saint of his teeth and his nails, to collect and enshrine and hold out to public view all that ought to have been laid with him in the grave." In our time, however, the over-zealous admirer comes first and the ghouls afterwards.

Do not keep your gas alight in your bed-room if you are on bad terms with your man-servant, is the last addition to our rules for domestic guidance. A gentleman who indulged in this practice happened, fortunately for himself, to wake up in the dead of night just in time to see his gas go out. He got up and called his son, and the two together repaired to the cellar where the gasmeter was kept. There they found the butler in the very act of turning the gas on again. His ingenious intention had been to asphyxiate his master, and, if anybody else happened to be asphyxiated also, that (as he frankly observed) was their lookout. It is possible, of course, that the story has been invented by some of the electric light companies, but it is vouched for on good authority. I suppose very few persons do turn off their gas at night, since the chief use of it is thereby done away with, though in case of fire the consequences are far worse for its being "on"; but henceforth the hostility of the butler will have to be taken into consideration.

When a certain diplomatist fell ill, another (and a much more cunning one) is said to have thoughtfully remarked, "Now, I wonder what he does that for?" The same observation rises to the lips when we read the following statement: "The Commissioner of Police at the South African Diamond Mines has resigned his post, on the ground that he really could not take £600 a year for work from the Government which would be well paid by £250." The question is—if this was really his reason—where is a man of such principles to be sent to, before he goes to his natural place in Paradise? In the United States, of course, he would be put into a lunatic asylum at once, and ticketed "Dangerous." If he were placed in a Government department even at home, no office in Great Britain would insure his life—he would be poisoned or strangled (with red tape) by his fellow-clerks. In my opinion he would have been much wiser to have held his tongue, pocketed his rightful salary, and spent his overpay (£350) on persons (authors, for instance) who are notoriously underpaid. There is a height of virtue which not only seems insurmountable to those who dwell on the plateau of ordinary morality, but whose snow and ice give them the shivers. They can stand it in poetry, as in the case of

Honest John Hopkins, the helger and ditcher,
Who, though he was poor, didn't want to be richer,
but not in prose.

It has recently been decided in a German court of law that a critic may be refused admission to a theatre, even if he has bought a ticket, if it is believed that he intends to criticise the performance unfavourably. That touch of "even if he has bought a ticket" is delicious, and shows the Germans really have some sense of humour: the idea of a critic who pays for his own admission is excellent, and quite new. This

judicial decree, so far as dramatic matters are concerned, does not concern me. I can never persuade a manager even to look at my plays: they only lose the manuscripts. But if the principle could be applied to literature, it would be satisfactory indeed. One couldn't stop a critic from unfavourably reviewing one's novel; but there might be a proviso that he must have bought the book, which would have an equally deterrent effect. Even if he did his worst, there would still be one copy sold, which, in most cases, would considerably outweigh any damage from his disapproval.

The community of St. Kilda, we are told, is so isolated, and of such small dimensions (numbering only nineteen families), that "the arrival of a vessel with its crew and passengers, whose habits differ so much from the islanders, suffices to give the latter an epidemic accompanied by a cold." This illness lasts eight days, and is called "a boat cough." In the Pacific Islands an atmosphere of sickness is also, we are reminded, brought by the stranger. The above is vouched for by high scientific authority, and though it is exceedingly likely that the "canny" inhabitants of a very far north island should have invented the story in order to recover compensation for damage, the opportunity should not be lost sight of by persons of reserved habits. After a long experience of society, most people of mature years shrink from "the stranger." Like a contribution to an editor, he may be worth something, but the odds are a hundred to one against it. Now, how very convenient it would be to be able to decline all new acquaintances upon medical authority, because they always give one the "boat cough"!

To one who looks in the window of a "cheap sweet" shop, the mortality among the juvenile population cannot be a matter of surprise: he wonders rather that any very young people—the "sucklings" of our lower orders—should survive the consumption of such delicacies. There are certain large white pigs (supposed to be made of sugar) with vermilion ears, which one would suppose of themselves would destroy a whole generation; but it seems the pigs are not the worst of these dainties. A medical paper warns the children of the poor against "A hollow truncated cone made of iced sugar inside of which is a tin whistle." For the gentle reader the cone would probably suffice: he would suck it, and read these "notes" no more; but it is the whistle which the infant consumer pays for so heavily. After a certain amount of suction the whistle itself, with one last shrill note of malignant triumph, flies into his windpipe, and there sticks. We elders sometimes jauntily remark (after a feast of only less unwholesome things), "I fear this iced pudding is rather fatal"; but think, oh, think, of an iced whistle!

THE COURT.

Her Majesty is in good health, and takes her customary drives. Lord George Hamilton (First Lord of the Admiralty) arrived at Osborne on Jan. 2, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family, and left Osborne next morning. Her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service on Sunday morning, the 5th. The Rev. Arthur Peile, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen and Master of St. Katharine's, officiated.

It is officially announced that the Queen will not open the coming Session of Parliament in person. The notification, while guarding against any alarm as to her Majesty's health, states that the Queen's sufferings from rheumatism prevent her undertaking any fatiguing ceremonial.

The Prince and Princess of Wales gave, on Jan. 3, the usual annual dance known as the Tenants' Ball, which in ordinary seasons is held during the week succeeding the Princess of Wales's birthday. This dance was given in the Assembly-room at Sandringham, in the gallery of which was placed the band of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue). In the first set of quadrilles the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince George, Princesses Victoria and Maud, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Count Albert Mensdorff, Count Franz Deym (Austro-Hungarian Ambassador), the Marquis of Hartington, and Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill took part. The Prince of Wales, as well as Prince George and many of the guests, wore hunting-coats.—Count Deym and the Right Hon. Sir Henry James, Bart., M.P., having terminated their visit, left Sandringham on the 4th. The Right Hon. Henry H. Fowler, M.P.; Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P.; Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P.; and the Rev. J. Edgar Sheppard, M.A., Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, St. James and Whitehall, arrived at Sandringham on a visit to the Prince and Princess. On Sunday morning, the 5th, the Prince and Princess, with Prince George, Princesses Victoria and Maud, Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) and the Duke of Fife, accompanied by the rest of the guests at Sandringham, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene. The Rev. James Edgar Sheppard, M.A., officiated and preached the sermon. The Duke and Duchess of Fife, having concluded their visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, left Sandringham for Castle Rising on the 6th; the other guests leaving on the same day. The Prince left Sandringham for Merton, on a visit to Baron De Hirsch. Prince George also left Sandringham for Didlington, on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Tyssen-Amherst. The Princess, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, remains at Sandringham. Among the guests at Merton are the Marquis of Hartington, M.P., the Duc de Chartres, the Duchess of Manchester, the Earl and Countess de Grey, Viscountess Mandeville, General Ellis, Sir James Mackenzie, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon.

Prince Albert Victor was present at a grand Oriental entertainment which was given in his honour at Calcutta on Jan. 7. In addition to the native dances the programme included some of the most famous Indian juggling tricks. Thousands of people were present.

Mrs. Gladstone celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday on Jan. 6. She resembles Lady Palmerston in retaining at an advanced age great physical and mental vigour.

The last entertainment at Brompton Hospital was given on Jan. 7 by the talented Fraser Quintet, assisted by Mr. Henry Yates and Mr. Westbury Preston. The charming sisters were heard in various solos, duets, and concerted pieces, and received several encores—notably, after Miss Violet Fraser's singing of "Il Bacio," accompanied by her sisters with pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello. Mr. Yates gave "Molly Bawn" exceedingly well, and Mr. Westbury Preston two musical sketches. Both these gentlemen were encored.

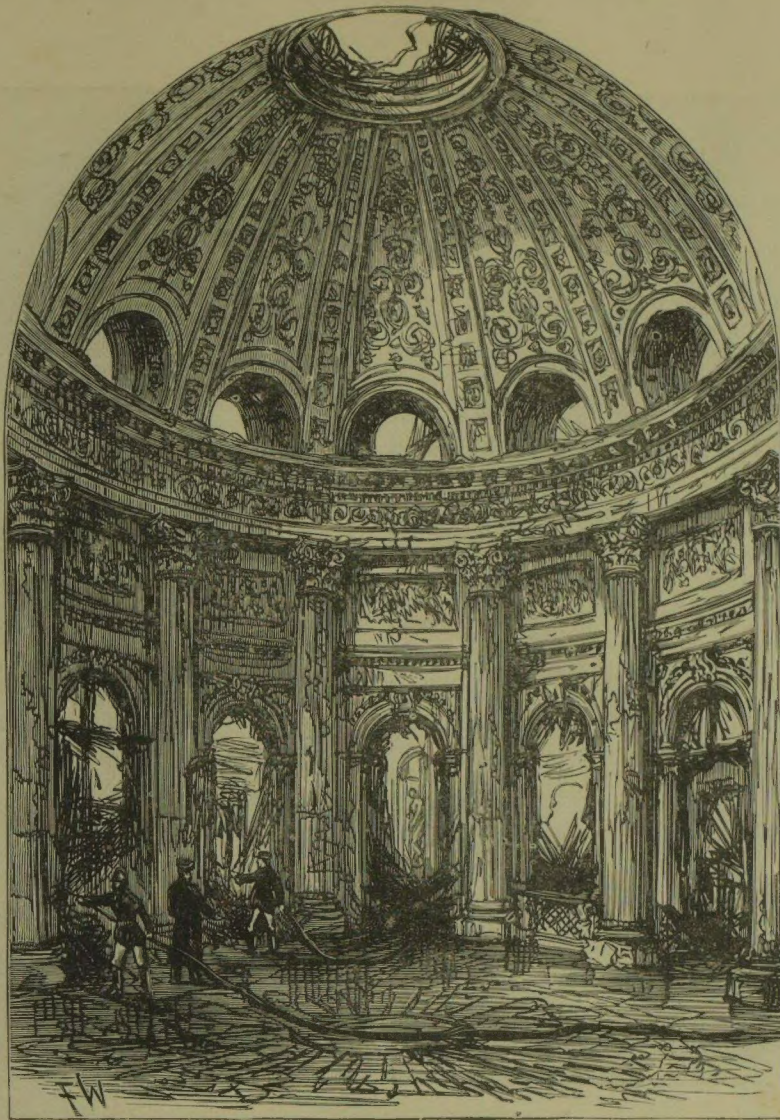
BURNING OF THE PALACE OF LAEKEN.

On New Year's Day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, a fire, accidentally caused, broke out in the Royal Palace of Laeken, near Brussels, which was entirely destroyed. Their Majesties, King Leopold II. of the Belgians and his Queen, were at that hour of the day in their town Royal palace, holding the New Year's reception; but the ceremony was immediately suspended, and her Majesty left at once for Laeken, where she arrived only to witness the complete destruction of the favourite residence of the Royal family, and to assure herself of the safety of her daughter, who is seventeen years of age. This young lady, Princess Clémentine, was taking lunch with her governess, Mlle. Drancourt, at the time of the fire, and succeeded in escaping; but Mlle. Drancourt returned to her apartments to secure some articles of value, and was suffocated in the attempt. The only persons in the castle when the alarm was raised were the Princess, her governess, and a lady attendant. The plate was saved, but all the pictures, statues, and other art collections were destroyed, with many other precious articles, and the library, so that the loss of property is immense. The Queen is deeply grieved at the death of her daughter's governess, as well as at the destruction of all the souvenirs of her son, who died at the age of twelve, and those of her other children, which she had carefully preserved. The King and Queen and Princess Clémentine, after watching the sad spectacle for some time, returned to Brussels.

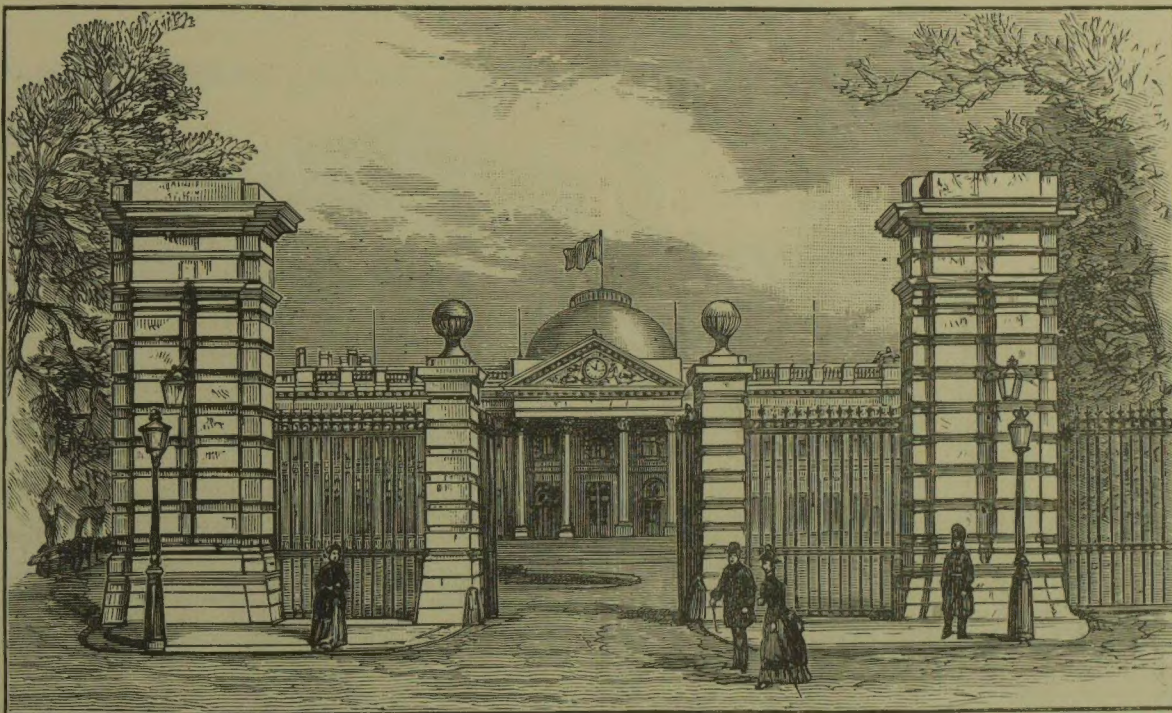
The Palace of Laeken was beautifully situated on an eminence in a large park not far from Brussels. In front of the building a fine expanse of lawn, studded with clumps of trees, slopes down to the Willebroek Canal, and the natural beauty of the grounds is enhanced by the presence of an orangery, a theatre, pavilions, and other ornamental structures. The Austrian Archduke Charles Albert was the designer of the Palace, which was erected in 1782, at the time he was Governor of the Netherlands. After the annexation by France, Napoleon I. occasionally resided at the Palace. Since the accession of the present reigning family, great additions and improvements have been made in the building; many valuable pictures and a great number of art treasures have been added to the collections; and the library was of considerable importance. The present King's father, Leopold I., is buried in a chapel in the grounds, where also are the remains of Madame Malibran. The Palace building consisted of two wings joined by a colonnade above which rose a large cupola; the ground floor of the left wing contained the Queen's apartments, and the King's apartments were on the first floor; in the right wing, on the ground floor, were the Salle des Gobelins, adorned with fine tapestry, the Salle des Maréchaux, and a room formerly reserved for the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, as a frequent visitor to the Belgian Royal family. The rooms occupied by Princess Clémentine and her governess were on the first floor of the right wing. The entrance to the Palace, the grand vestibule, adorned with fine bas-reliefs, the State dining-room, the King's private room, and the conservatory are shown in our illustrations. We are indebted to a correspondent, Mr. F. Watkins, for the Sketches we have engraved.

The Bishop of Carlisle (Dr. Harvey Goodwin) has issued his twentieth annual pastoral letter to the clergy of his diocese. Touching upon the tithe question he remarks that not only the clergy but the whole country are interested in bringing it to a settlement by a wise and just modification of the existing law. In Wales, he says, the tithe rent-charge difficulty has presented itself in a more acute form than in other parts of the kingdom, and it is impossible to think of Wales from an ecclesiastical point of view without taking note of the attempt that is being made to regard the Church in the Principality as an institution which may be discussed and, if need be, dealt with separately from the Church in England proper. The Bishop thinks, however, it would be ungenerous to encourage the notion that English Churchmen will consent to regard the status of the Welsh Church as capable of being considered as something which concerns Wales only. Looking at the question from a Welsh point of view, he finds it difficult to understand what real benefit could accrue from the disestablishment of the Church. Whatever may be the exact state of the case with regard to the past and present position of the Church in Wales, he feels confident that it is the duty of the clergy to resist any separation between the Principality and the rest of England as a retrograde step injurious to them all. Referring to the Church House scheme, the Bishop says that, so far from having in some way failed, it has been progressing quietly and noiselessly but steadily, and it might be hoped that the genius of Sir Arthur Blomfield, the architect, would be able to conceive a building upon a comprehensive scale which might shortly be commenced, though it might possibly take many years to finish.

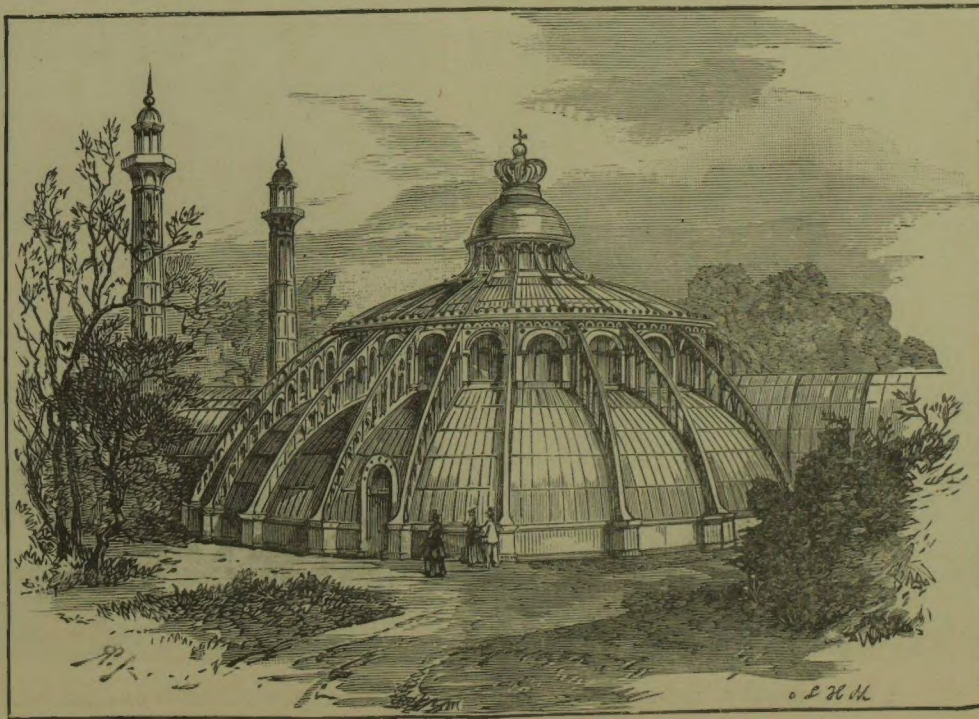
Mr. Taylor, a member of the household at Windsor Castle, has been appointed keeper of the Royal apartments in Holyrood Palace, in succession to the late Mr. Watty.



THE VESTIBULE.



ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE.



THE CONSERVATORY.

THE ROYAL PALACE OF LAEKEN, BRUSSELS, DESTROYED BY FIRE.

THE FIRE AT THE FOREST GATE SCHOOLS.

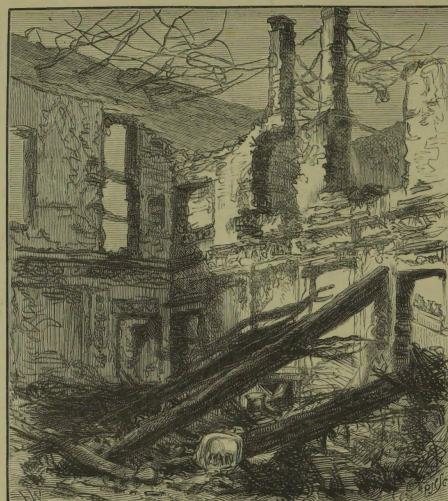
New Year's Day at the East-End of London was saddened by a terrible disaster, appealing to all compassionate hearts. In the last night of the year, soon after midnight, one of the wings of the Forest Gate District School, Whitechapel and Poplar Unions, was discovered to be on fire. Means were promptly taken to extinguish the flames, but two of the boys' dormitories were destroyed, and twenty-six of the unfortunate children perished. It is some consolation to feel that their sufferings were less than they might have been. In only a single case, as it appears, was death directly caused by burning. The rest of the children were suffocated by the smoke, which filled the whole building. The school, with its infirmary and other offices, is a set of buildings in Forest-lane, Stratford, midway between Forest Gate and Maryland Point Stations, on the main line of the Great Eastern Railway. It is maintained by the Guardians of the Poor of the Whitechapel and the Poplar Unions, who receive children from other parishes at a stipulated amount per head. It has accommodation for 720 children, and on Jan. 1, 1889, when the statistics were reported, there were 636 inmates. The Board of Management consists of five gentlemen elected by the Poplar Union, three by the Whitechapel Union, with two nominated and two holding office *ex officio* as chairmen of the guardians of Whitechapel and Poplar; Mr. H. J. Cook, J.P., being chairman of the managers, Mr. W. Vallance the clerk, and Mr. Charles Duncan the superintendent. The institution is situated in large grounds. To the left of the main entrance are the rooms allotted to the girls; to the right were those of the boys, the passage midway leading to a large dining-room. Beyond the dining-room was a needle-room, which led into the wardrobe-room; above were two storeys of dormitories for boys. It was in this annexe, or wing of the main building, that the fire occurred. In the centre of the room was a large stove, fenced round with an iron guard, its pipe going to within a foot of the ceiling before the bend. The wardrobe-room had its walls lined with lockers containing the clothes of the inmates and about a thousand blankets. Over this was a dormitory, in which forty boys went to bed. Above this there was another dormitory for fifty-four boys. The door communicating with the main building was locked, also the door of an external staircase leading from the yard to the two dormitories above. This staircase up to the first floor is a fireproof brick structure, but from the first floor to the upper floor the stairs were of wood. The keys of the doors were in the custody of George Hare, one of the assistant yardmen, and Mr. Charles Duncan, the superintendent, who seem to have exerted themselves bravely, as well as Henry Elliott, the yardman, to save the boys, and to prevent the fire spreading to other parts of the buildings. Miss Bloomfield, the wardrobe-woman, was the first to discover the fire, which began in the needle-room. Two female servants upstairs escaped with difficulty by the windows, one climbing down a waterspout, the other jumping and breaking her ankle. The children who perished were all little boys, from seven to ten or twelve years of age. Fifty-eight were rescued alive, and not much hurt. The funeral of the children, in the West Ham Cemetery, on Monday, Jan. 6, was attended by the Board of Management of the School, and by a large concourse of people.

Peter Laing of Elgin entered on his 106th year on Jan. 5. He is a carter by trade. He enjoys excellent health, all his faculties being unimpaired, and any day he may be seen in the streets of Elgin in charge of his horse and cart.—James Foubister of East House, St. Andrews, Orkney, died on Jan. 5, aged 101½ years. He is said to have occupied his farm for sixty-four years. As a young man he made several trips to the Davis Straits for whale-fishing, where on one occasion his vessel was taken by a French privateer. At another time his vessel was lost in the ice, and the crew suffered great hardships.

The South Durham Hunt Ball took place on Jan. 3 in the Stockton Exchange Hall, and was attended by a fashionable company; a party of eighteen coming in from Wynyard Park with the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry.

The revenue of Queensland for the six months ending Dec. 31 amounted to £1,784,000, and the expenditure to £1,728,000.—Disastrous floods are reported in various parts of Queensland. In the north-western districts a tract of country 300 miles in extent is submerged, and parts of the town of Normanton are twenty feet under water. Thirty-five inches of rain have fallen since Christmas.

During the past year the total number of matriculated students at the University of Edinburgh was 3602, as against 3532 in 1888, 2923 in 1879, and 1698 in 1869. Of this total, 931 were enrolled in the Faculty of Arts, 124 in the Faculty of Divinity, 472 in the Faculty of Law, and 2025 in the Faculty of Medicine. Of the students of medicine, 852 (or fully 42 per cent) belonged to Scotland, 735 (or over 36 per cent) were from England and Wales, 50 from Ireland, 82 from India, 259 (or nearly 13 per cent) from various British colonies, and 47 from foreign countries.

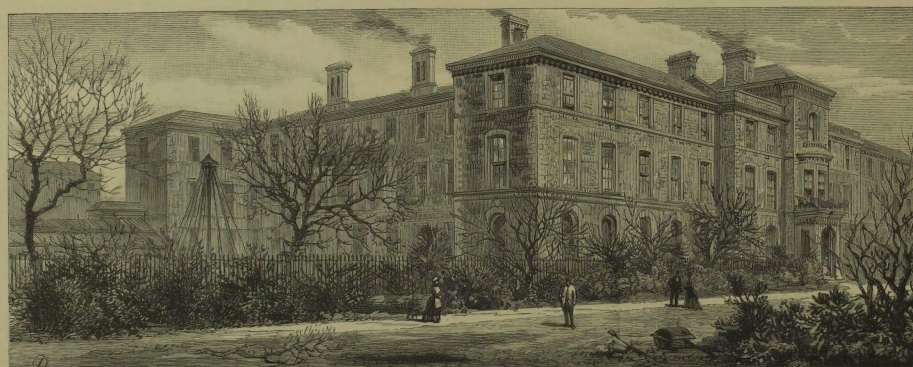


THE DINING-ROOM.



THE KING'S PRIVATE ROOM.

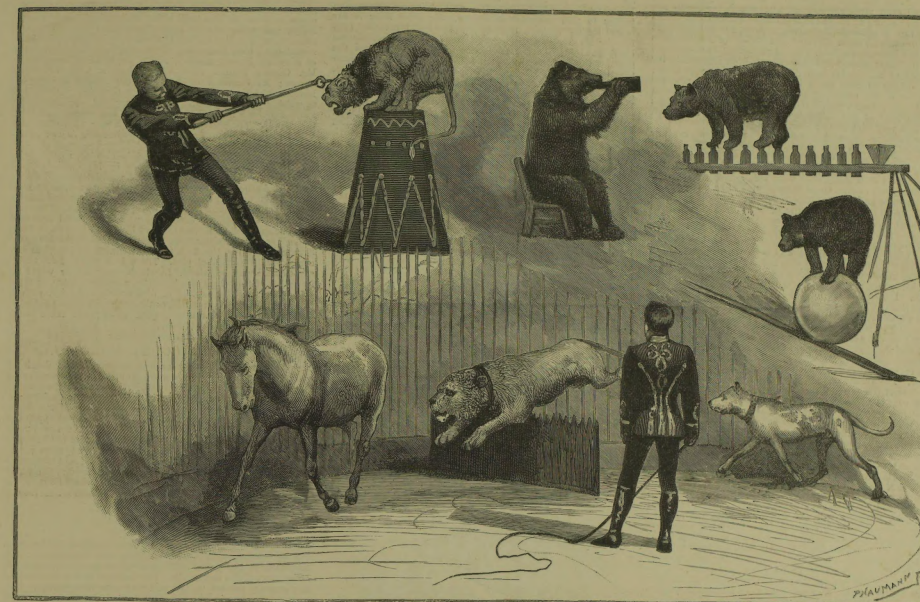
THE ROYAL PALACE OF LÆKEN, BRUSSELS, DESTROYED BY FIRE.



1. General View of the Building.

2 and 3. The Dormitories, where the Children were Suffocated.

FIRE AT FOREST GATE, STRATFORD, THE DISTRICT SCHOOL OF THE WHITECHAPEL AND POPLAR UNIONS.



GRAND CIRCUS AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.



PANTOMIME OF "CINDERELLA" AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS AT THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE TUDOR EXHIBITION.

Great and deserved as was the success of the Stuart Exhibition, we think that this winter's gathering at the New Gallery will be found even more attractive. The Tudors, although not avowed patrons of art in the sense that Charles I. and others of the family showed themselves, lived at a time when "art was abroad," and when England was becoming for the first time a rendezvous of artists. English art was still non-existent in the national sense, but it must have been impossible for such men as Mabuse, Holbein, Antonio More, Lucas de Heere, and Zuccherro to have dwelt in our midst without creating something in the nature of a school. What that school and its teachers produced, which the patrons of art in its various branches inspired and called into existence, this exhibition shows in a very adequate manner.

The Tudor period extends over a little more than a century (1485-1603), from the proclamation of the Earl of Richmond on Bosworth Field to the death of Elizabeth, and it covers some of the most stirring episodes of English history. Of the chief actors, and of many who were only remotely connected with these great events, we have an almost unbroken series of portraits, arranged in admirable order, and affording a wide field of speculation for students of physiognomy as well as interest for students of both history and art.

Of Margaret Beaufort, the mother of Henry VII., there are seven portraits, apparently taken at considerable intervals. Of these, that lent by Lord Braye (10), in a black dress, is the most striking—but the artists who have wished to hand down her actual appearance to posterity are only agreed in the form of headdress, which she seems to have worn at all periods of her life. It is difficult to say whether it was from her that her son Henry Tudor inherited the thin lips and compressed mouth which will be found in every member of the family. Of Henry VII. himself there are at least a dozen portraits, all bearing a strong resemblance to one another—two attributed to Jan van Mabuse (6 and 22) being especially noteworthy for richness of colour and fineness of outline. The face is not an attractive one, but it shows undoubted power and tenacity of purpose. From an artistic point, the large picture of the "Marriage of Henry and Elizabeth of York" (12), also the work of Mabuse, is even more interesting, as showing the very narrow line by which historical pictures were divided from purely religious works. On one side—or rather in one aisle of the church which occupies the centre of the picture—stand Henry and Cardinal Bouchier—and in the other aisle Elizabeth and St. Thomas with a spear, his accustomed emblem and the instrument of his death. It cannot be said that Henry's appearance is that of an impassioned lover; but the Lady Elizabeth is not only comely but happy. More full of human interest is a picture of three children (19), also by Mabuse—and supposed to represent the Princes Arthur and Henry and the Princess Margaret; but opinions differ as to the identity of the children, although the picture, from the numerous replicas which exist, must have been exceedingly popular at the time of its being painted. English national feeling would also be gratified by the contrast between the scions of its Royal family and those of Philip, King of Castile (35)—a sickly looking trio—all of whom, nevertheless, had brilliant careers before them. Another and more attractive picture is that of Henry VII. and his family (25) seated in a landscape, which once was an altarpiece in the Royal Chapel at Shene, and is extremely interesting as containing portraits of the three sons and four daughters of Henry—of whom so few reached mature years. Of the worthies of Henry VII.'s reign, Dean Colet (9), painted by Mabuse, Sir Henry Wyat (7), who was imprisoned by both Richard III. and Henry VII., John Howard, first Duke of Norfolk (15)—known as "Jocky of Norfolk"—and Sir Rowland Hill (13), a public-spirited Lord Mayor, are the most interesting.

In his protection of the arts Henry VIII. was as ostentatious as his father, except in the matter of his own tomb, had been niggardly. Following the example of his rival and cynosure Francis I., Henry gathered round him painters, sculptors, architects, and metal-workers from all nations, and the nobles of his Court were prompt to imitate their master in the protection as in other less reputable ways. The result, so far as this exhibition is concerned, is that the committee have been able to bring together some hundred and fifty portraits, in addition to the magnificent series of Holbein drawings lent by her Majesty and innumerable miniatures, of which not a few are of more than usual interest and beauty. In the twenty-eight large likenesses in oil of "Bluff King Hal," the variations are so slight that we must conjecture that his Majesty was not only fond of sitting for his portrait, or that his face, once seized by the painter, could be reproduced without effort or difficulty. Perhaps one of the most spirited portraits is that in the cartoon (42) made by Holbein for a fresco painting, which was subsequently destroyed in the fire at Whitehall in 1698. It represents the King when he was a comparatively young man, for, although by the date assigned to the picture Henry would at the time have been upwards of five-and-forty years of age, the artist, with courtier-like prudence, makes him seem scarcely more than thirty. He is represented in his favourite attitude, arms akimbo and legs wide apart, and, although as a sketch it cannot fairly be compared with a finished work like the magnificent specimen (126) lent by the Earl of Warwick, it is nevertheless as full of character and distinction. There are two other portraits of Henry—one lent by Lord Yarborough (55) and the other by Mr. Willett (59)—very similar in treatment and colour, the latter being a trifle the more vigorous. Next to Henry himself, his six wives have a very permanent place in our minds; but, if we may judge them by their portraits as here shown, we find little to justify his wandering taste, for Katherine of Aragon (43), if the artist is to be trusted, was as comely as any of them—not excepting Anne Boleyn herself, unless we take the variation of her face (140) as a better likeness than the others. Queen Jane Seymour (141) is positively insignificant; and although Queen Katherine Parr appears in numerous costumes, not excluding that of a literary young lady of the eighteenth century (111), she altogether fails to justify Henry's passion. Poor Anne of Cleves—the "Flemish mare," as her homely appearance caused her to be called—may perhaps have been first brought to her "transitory" husband's notice by Holbein's very excellent portrait (108), in which she appears comely enough, and admirably fitted for the duties of a housewife. Of Queen Katherine Howard there are only miniature likenesses. The "beauties" of Henry VIII.'s Court must also be looked for in this series, for among the oil pictures Mary Boleyn (116), Anne's sister, who married Sir William Carey, alone has pretensions, although Lady Butts (76), the wife of the King's physician, has a kindly face, and Margaret Roper (139), the favourite daughter of Sir Thomas More—

who clasped in her last trance
Her murdered father's head—

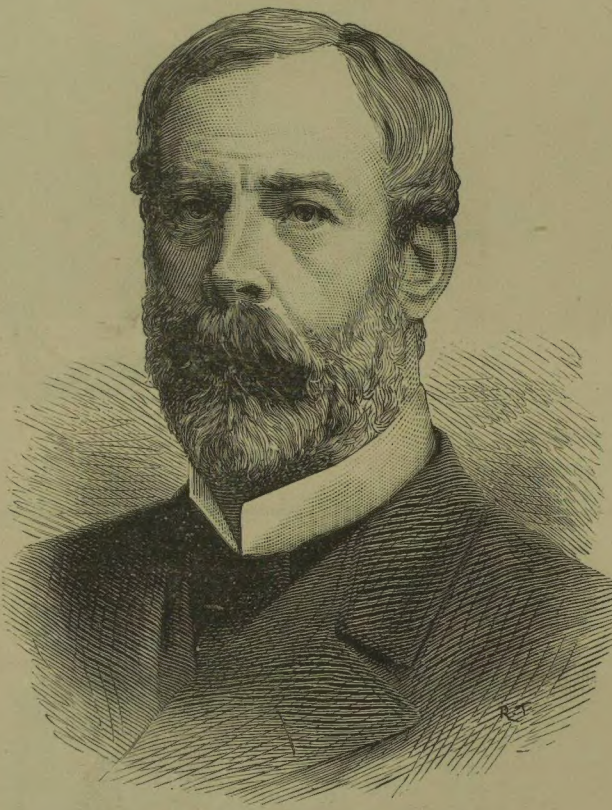
has all the intelligence and vivacity one credits her with possessing, and shows that then, as now, these qualities were to be found among the most learned ladies. A still more striking figure is that of the lady who declined the honour of Henry's hand, Christina, Duchess of Milan (92), on the ground

that she had not two heads, one of which she might have been disposed to place at his Majesty's service.

Of the distinguished men of the time it must be said that of the three portraits of Wolsey that lent by Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane (119) is the only one which in any way renders justice to this powerful statesman. Sir John More is far better treated in both Holbein's portraits of him—that (70) lent by Mr. William Seward, and the still more forcible one (100) lent by the Earl of Pembroke, which is quite one of the gems of this collection. Erasmus (85), as depicted by Lucas Cranach, has a decidedly cynical face, with a somewhat weak mouth; Sir Thomas More (94) has a far finer character written on his equally expressive face. John, Lord Braye (45), Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (51), Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton (77), and Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter (144), painted by Johannes Corvus, are a few among the notabilities of the reign by whom our attention is arrested.

The reigns of Edward VI. and Mary brought to the front few men of distinction whose heads have been handed down by the painter's art; and neither Sovereign was endowed with a presence which can be regarded as dignified or imposing. Nevertheless, both seem to have scattered their portraits pretty freely, for of each of them there are no less than fourteen oil-paintings, besides numerous drawings and miniatures. The young King was painted by Holbein (174 and 189) as a child, and by Zuccherro (176) as a boy aged ten, and again on several subsequent occasions; and the Queen by Sir Antonio More (203) and by Lucas de Heere (206), but neither the former's bright colour and vivid style nor the latter's sympathy with gorgeous apparel gives comeliness or attraction to her pinched and weary face. If, however, this exhibition only serves to remove the idea of Queen Mary's savage instincts, it will have done something to put her right with posterity.

The "Protector" Somerset (196) was the most important personage of Edward's brief reign—but in his portrait he does



THE LATE COUNT KAROLYI.
FORMERLY AUSTRIAN MINISTER IN LONDON.

not appear as a man of much character—but gifted rather with an inordinate idea of his own merits. The two Berties—Richard (191) and Peregrine (193), his son—are in all ways more attractive personages, the father especially having a bright, sympathetic face. Of the prominent characters of Mary's reign, Cardinal Pole (207) occupies the largest place in history; and his portrait here, by Pierino del Vaga, gives one a high idea of his manner and bearing. Lady Jane Grey (220) does not look as if she were capable of wearing a crown in the troublous times in which she lived; but her face is more pleasant and less weak than that of Archbishop Cranmer (226), in the portrait attributed to Lucas Cranach. Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel (211), a strong supporter of Mary's cause from the first, has an honest, striking face, as depicted by Cornelius Ketel, a painter held by some to be of English birth and training. Thomas, Duke of Norfolk (228) and his wife (241), Edward De Vere, Earl of Oxford (245)—something of a fop in his dress—and William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (247), are perhaps the most distinguished in appearance and attainments of those about Mary's Court and person; but they also show in what a narrow channel her favours ran.

We must reserve for another occasion our notice of the portraits belonging to Elizabeth's reign, and a summary of the other contents of the Tudor collection. Suffice it to say that there is something to suit every taste and to content every curiosity-seeker. Arms, armour, and vestments; miniatures, relics, and coins; books, plates, and manuscripts abound—throwing a flood of light upon the history of the period. The relics especially seem more carefully selected than in the Stuart Exhibition, and more discretion is displayed in accepting them without credentials of some sort. They vary from Cardinal Wolsey's hat (1185c) to the tiny little garments prepared for the unborn child, which Mary so ardently desired—two testimonies to hopes raised high and in the end brought to desolation and despair.

We are bound to say a word in praise of the remarkable catalogue which has been prepared for the committee by Mr. H. A. Grueber, assisted by Mr. G. Scharf, C.B., whose authority in historical portraits is unquestioned. The catalogue will last long after the exhibition has closed as a valuable index of Tudor treasures in this country.

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JULY TO DECEMBER, 1889.

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CHRISTMAS PIECES AT LONDON THEATRES.

The pantomime at Covent-Garden Theatre, performed entirely by children, is preceded by a grand circus entertainment, in which a brave and graceful lady equestrian, Miss Boorn, gallops round the ring, leaps through or over a series of pretty obstacles from the bare back of her well-trained horse; Happy Ashby and other clowns make their jokes and play their amusing tricks; the Sisters Hoffmann twine along the horizontal bar; Herr Hagenberg directs the combined movements of a young lioness, a pony, and a Royal Dane boarhound; Mr. George Palmer rides and drives a team of seven horses; M. Permane superintends the almost human behaviour of his performing bears; an educated pig displays surprising knowledge and intelligence; and the Pavlovs of Paris contrive a musical orchestra with the common tools of their trade. The prologue is spoken by a little girl, Miss Anna Vincent, who reappears as the Fairy Godmother in the subsequent play.

The "Cinderella" of Her Majesty's Theatre, arranged by Mr. Charles Harris, with songs written by Mr. Clement Scott and music by Messrs. Alfred Cellier, Edward Solomon, Henry Leslie, and others, is an effective version of that old story which never fails to be pleasing. The heroine is represented by Miss Minnie Palmer, who sings well; but the parts of her two proud and disagreeable sisters, as no women could or would bear such ugly characters, are taken by Mr. C. Coborn and Mr. J. Le Hay. Other characters, those of Baron Brokestone and Scroogins, are for the first time introduced to lengthen and complicate the original plot. There is a pretty fairy ballet scene called "Insect Island," in which every dancer wears an imitation of the wings of a butterfly, a beetle, a wasp, or some other insect. The arrival of distinguished foreign guests, including the Shah, in carriages drawn by Shetland ponies, at the Palace gates, has also a good effect; and there is an exciting street scene with a fire.

THE LATE COUNT KAROLYI.

Towards the end of the year was announced the death of Count Aloys Karolyi, late Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London. It occurred suddenly while he was out shooting at his country seat near Presburg, in Hungary. This nobleman, who was sixty-four years of age, belonged to one of the oldest and wealthiest Hungarian families. In 1859 he was appointed Austrian Minister to the Prussian Court. At the Berlin Congress Count Karolyi, at the time Ambassador to Germany, acted with Count Julius Andrassy as Austro-Hungarian plenipotentiary. He succeeded Count Beust in 1878 as Ambassador in London, which post he resigned last year on account of ill-health. He was married in 1869 to Countess Francesca Erdödy, and leaves three children. The Portrait is from a Photograph by M. Valéry, 164, Regent-street.

MUSIC.

There is but little to add to our previous mention of the opening performances of the New Year, the amusements and festivities of the period still predominating over the musical attractions of the metropolis. The reaction in favour of music has scarcely yet set in, but will very soon be apparent. One important movement in this direction is the continuation of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, the first of which for the year taking place on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 11. This can, of course, only be noticed hereafter. Meantime, we may say that the programmes of this and of the following Monday evening promise attractions of special importance; Beethoven's septet being included on the earlier occasion, and Schubert's octet in the evening programme—two works that are unparalleled of their kind, and will bear any number of repetitions beyond the many they have already received.

The first of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts of the year (on Jan. 4) could only be barely mentioned until now. It was an afternoon performance, the programme of which offered many and varied attractions, a specialty having been the reappearance, after a long interval, of Mr. Maybrick, who was warmly welcomed, and sang several songs—including Stephen Adams's "The Little Hero" and "They all love Jack"—with great success. Mrs. Mary Davies, Miss Gomez, Mesdames Sterling and Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. H. Piercy, and Signor Foli also contributed effective vocal performances; as did Mr. Eaton Fanning's choristers, somewhat diminished in number by influenza. Violin solos by Madame Néruda were agreeable features of the concert.

Señor Gayarre, the eminent operatic singer, died, at Madrid, on Jan. 2. He was born, in 1843, at Pampeluna, and had but small artistic advantages in his early years. His capabilities, however, soon attracted notice, and he became a student at the Madrid Conservatoire. His first great stage success was at Rome in 1873, from which period he soon became eminent both at Paris and at London. For several seasons Gayarre was a leading tenor at our Royal Italian Opera, where, as elsewhere, in characters chiefly of the heroic class, his performances were of high merit, his declamatory powers having been exceptionally great, and his stage bearing always dignified and appropriate.

Brentano, the well-known bookseller of New York and Paris, has opened a branch establishment at the corner of King William-street and the Strand for the sale of American books, journals, and periodicals.

The diaries published by Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., 3, Royal Exchange, are not less commendable for variety than for excellence of their binding. This firm have added thirty-two new editions to those for which they were already famous, the list including 130 distinct kinds. One of the most noteworthy of their works is the Improved Office Diary and Note-Book, a handsome cloth-bound diary, with a page devoted to every day, and admirably suited for a housekeeper's use. In addition to this and other volumes of large size, Messrs. Charles Letts publish pocket diaries, which embrace several novel features, and which are made as light and compact as possible. The continued success of this firm is attributable mainly, no doubt, to the good quality of printing and paper, the practical utility of the officially corrected information, and the low price at which the diaries are offered.

Thom's "Official Directory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," though published in Dublin, and now in its forty-seventh year, is a bulwark of the political and social Union; combining all that Englishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, and Irishmen equally want to know concerning Imperial, Court, Ministerial, Parliamentary, official, legal, naval and military, ecclesiastical, academical, professional, and commercial appointments, nomenclature, and statistics, with all the details of Irish provincial, municipal, and local administration, and with instructive descriptions of the counties and towns of Ireland. A new map of Dublin and its neighbourhood, from the latest Ordnance Survey, is appended to this volume. We do not know why some Edinburgh publisher has not yet established a similar publication for Scotland, but it will perhaps be done at some future time.

THE DEATH OF POETS.

Since poetry must ever be the expression of the fullest life, there is something peculiarly affecting in the death of poets. We seem to lose a portion of our own vitality when a great singer is taken from us. He has done so much to quicken our intellects, to move our hearts, to enlarge our range of thought and our perception of the beautiful, that when he is removed Nature loses something of her loveliness, and a shadow falls upon our path. Those of us who know the high worth of poetry will not regard this as an idle sentiment, but as a reasonable feeling. The loss of a great poet, like the one who has lately gained an honourable resting-place in Westminster Abbey, is a personal loss, and every lover of noble literature is conscious that with the death of Robert Browning "there has passed away a glory from the earth." Happy in his life, most happy in his death, Browning, like his poet-wife, leaves behind him a gracious memory, wholly free from the regrets and disappointments which have too often marred the lives of our poets. He may be said to have died in the sunshine, while so many of his brothers in song have passed away under a cloud.

Of the last days or hours of some of the greatest of English poets we know little, but that little is often sad. Of Chaucer, the "morning star" of English literature, and the most joyous of singers, we know that he died when hardly sixty, and was buried in Westminster Abbey; and we believe, but are not absolutely sure, that he regretted the license of his poetical prime, when "upon his death-bedde laying in his grete anguysses." Spenser, "our sage and serious poet," and the poet whose sense of the beautiful fills the pages of the "Faerie Queene" with wealth of imagery and music of words, was most unhappy in his death. Having had his home in Ireland sacked and burnt, and after losing an infant in the flames, he came to London broken-hearted, died in great poverty in King-street, Westminster, and (according to Ben Jonson) "refused twenty pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, saying that he had no time to spend them." We know nothing, Dean Church says, about the suffering he went through in England: "we only know that the first of English poets perished miserably and prematurely, one of the many heavy sacrifices which the evil fortune of Ireland has cost to England." A heavy sacrifice, indeed! for this supreme poet died before his forty-eighth birthday. And it was at the too early age of fifty-three that Shakespeare, the greatest genius of the world, left it as silently as he had lived in it. How he died we do not know, though his latest biographer roundly asserts that his death was caused by typhoid fever. A peaceful end, it may be hoped, to a life that must have been a happy one. In this respect, as well as in the splendour of his genius, Shakespeare stands apart from some of his most famous contemporaries. Ben Jonson had the misfortune to kill a comrade, and, as he told Drummond, narrowly escaped the gallows. He married a shrew, and lived apart from her for years; he was constantly impecunious, suffered in his old age a succession of misfortunes, and, when worn out by disease, was compelled to write for money on his death-bed. Marlowe died in a tavern brawl at the age of thirty-one; and Robert Greene led a dissipated life, and was dependent in his last hours on the bounty of a shoemaker. Biography was not an art in the Elizabethan age, and for the credit of several poets of that time this, perhaps, is well. Things had changed in Milton's day, and of him we know enough to satisfy curiosity and to excite pity. The sublimest of poets was also one of the loneliest. Blind, poor, gouty, and unkindly treated by his daughters, who are said to have sold his books, what but a clear conscience and the celestial light for which he had prayed could have supported this lofty soul in his last hours?

Milton stands in the front rank, not among English poets only, but among the poets of the world. Next in greatness in that age, but with a vast gulf between, stands John Dryden, who belongs to another order of poets. Like Milton, some of his finest works were written in his old age, and it is pitiful to think that he was forced to work for the booksellers when crippled in his limbs and tormented with pain. Before he died he expressed, as Chaucer is said to have done, his regret at the licentiousness of many of his poems, and wished he had time "either to purge or to see them fairly burnt." On his death-bed he took a tender farewell of his friends, and died so poor that the expenses of his funeral were undertaken by subscription. Honour enough, indeed, was lavished upon Dryden when it was of no avail. His body was embalmed and lay in state, and was afterwards carried with great pomp to Westminster Abbey. Pope, his great rival and successor, had not that honour; but he was far happier in his circumstances, and died, at his famous Twickenham villa, a comparatively wealthy man. His days, according to Dr. King, were shortened by his taste for highly seasoned dishes and by drinking spirits. It was a gross age, and encouraged fast living. Addison, according to Walpole, died of brandy; the poet Parnell died from intemperance, in his thirty-ninth year; Fenton, who helped Pope to translate the *Odyssey*, "died of a great chair and two bottles of port a day"; and Gay was killed by idleness and good living. The greatest lyric poet of the first half of the eighteenth century, unless Gray deserves that title, died in 1756. Collins, who came up to London full of ardour and hope, was early threatened with insanity, and, as Dr. Johnson says, "eagerly snatched that temporary relief with which the table and the bottle flatter and seduce." For a time he was confined in an asylum, but died under his sister's care at

Chichester. Did Wordsworth think of him when he wrote—

We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

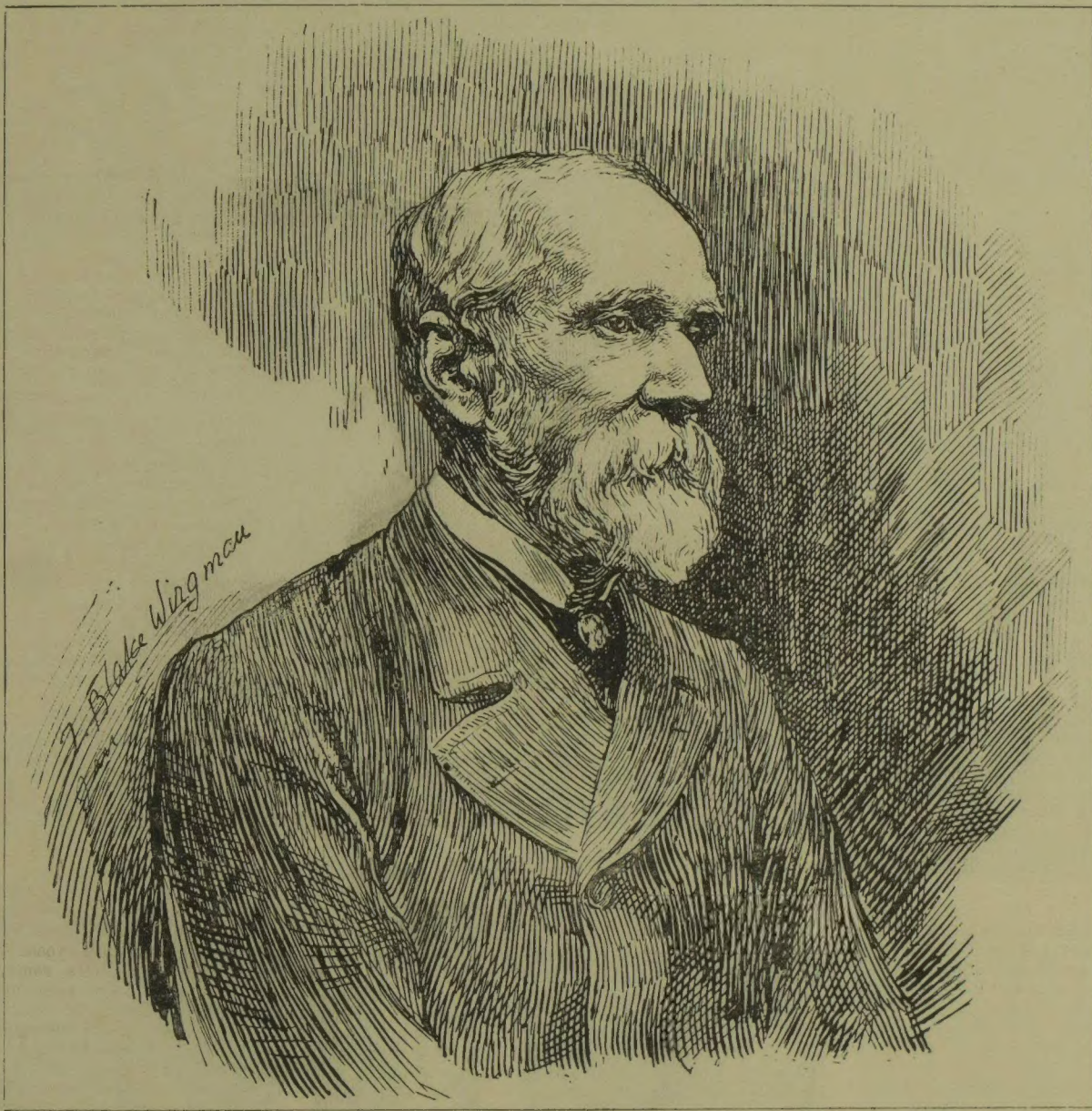
Perhaps he thought of Cowper, too, England's household poet, who died in infinite depression under the "madness-cloud" in 1800, or possibly of poor Burns, who had died in early manhood four years previously, not, indeed, insane, but after what may be well called a wild and mad career. "Rheumatic pains, and other maladies consequent upon his irregularities, assailed him; he became captious with his wife, whose affection had nevertheless worn well; then fever supervened, closing in delirium. The poet lay on his death-bed, while his wife, expecting another confinement, was incapable of tending him; harassed also by the pertinacity of some lawyer, on whom one of his latest utterances bestowed a curse."

Verily the poet's gift, wonderful though it be, does not necessarily secure to its possessor the peaceful happiness enjoyed by those obscure but—

Happy souls who all the way
To Heaven have a summer's day—

and die with the serenity in which they have lived.

There has been no poet in our century who has perished from starvation like Otway, or died in prison like Savage. Some of the greatest, like Scott, Wordsworth, and alas that we must now add Browning, have not only died in the fulness of fame but with a good hope of the future, and amid the tender ministrations of those most dear to them. When Wordsworth lay dying, his wife bent over him with words of comfort; when Scott died, all his children were present. It



THE LATE COLONEL SIR HENRY YULE, R.E.,
EDITOR OF THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO.

was a beautiful September day, and "the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." Coleridge, too, although not so blessed as his great contemporaries, had a serene close to a troubled and painful life. "I am dying," he said, "but without expectation of a speedy release. Is it not strange that very recently bygone images and scenes of early life have stolen into my mind like breezes blown from the spice-islands of Youth and Hope—those twin realities of the phantom world! I do not add Love; for what is Love but Youth and Hope embracing, and so seen as one?" And then, after expressing a wish that he could live to finish his philosophy, he added: "But God wills it otherwise; and His will be done!" A fortnight later, the most subtly musical of modern poets had passed away.

Something I should like to say of Byron, whose best act was his death, since it may be said that he died for Greece; and something of the sad deathbed of Keats, over which a ray of light is thrown by his friend Severn's devotion. But the subject might be extended indefinitely, and the space allotted to me is exhausted.

English Freemasonry maintained during the year 1889 its distinguishing characteristic of charity, as the receipts of its three chief charitable institutions show. These institutions—the girls' school, the boys' school, and the institution for the aged of both sexes—had, when their offices closed at the end of the year, received in the course of 1889 a total sum of £48,443 18s. 3d. Of this amount the benevolent institution took £18,729 18s. 7d.; the girls' school, £14,986 9s. 6d.; and the boys' school, £14,727 10s. 2d. The benevolent institution, which for five out of the last seven years has thus headed the list, has between 300 and 400 annuitants on its books; the girls' school boards, clothes, and educates 264 girls, and the boys' school 263 boys. During the year the board of benevolence has at its twelve monthly meetings assisted cases of distress to the extent of £8000.

THE NITI FIELD FORCE, HIMALAYAS.

From Camp Ramni, on Nov. 12, our Indian military correspondent, Major C. Pulley, sends us a few Sketches to illustrate the most recent expedition on the northern frontier of India. A small force of infantry, furnished by detachments from the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the 3rd Goorkhas, is making its way up towards the Thibetan frontier, with the object of checking hostile raids and marauding practices. Owing to the lateness of the season and the near approach of winter, snow might bar the progress of troops across the mountain passes; but a good deal of information would have been obtained which may prove useful in the future. The officers accompanying the troops are Captains Lyster and Rose, of the 1st Battalion 3rd Goorkhas, and Lieutenants Battye and Roberts, of the 2nd Battalion, with Surgeon Vost in medical charge, the whole under command of Brevet-Major Pulley, 1st Battalion 3rd Goorkhas. The Sketches now presented need but little description, as most of our readers must be familiar with the appearance and ways of the Goorkhas, though we have not all heard the sound of their bagpipes. There will be further accounts of this expedition.

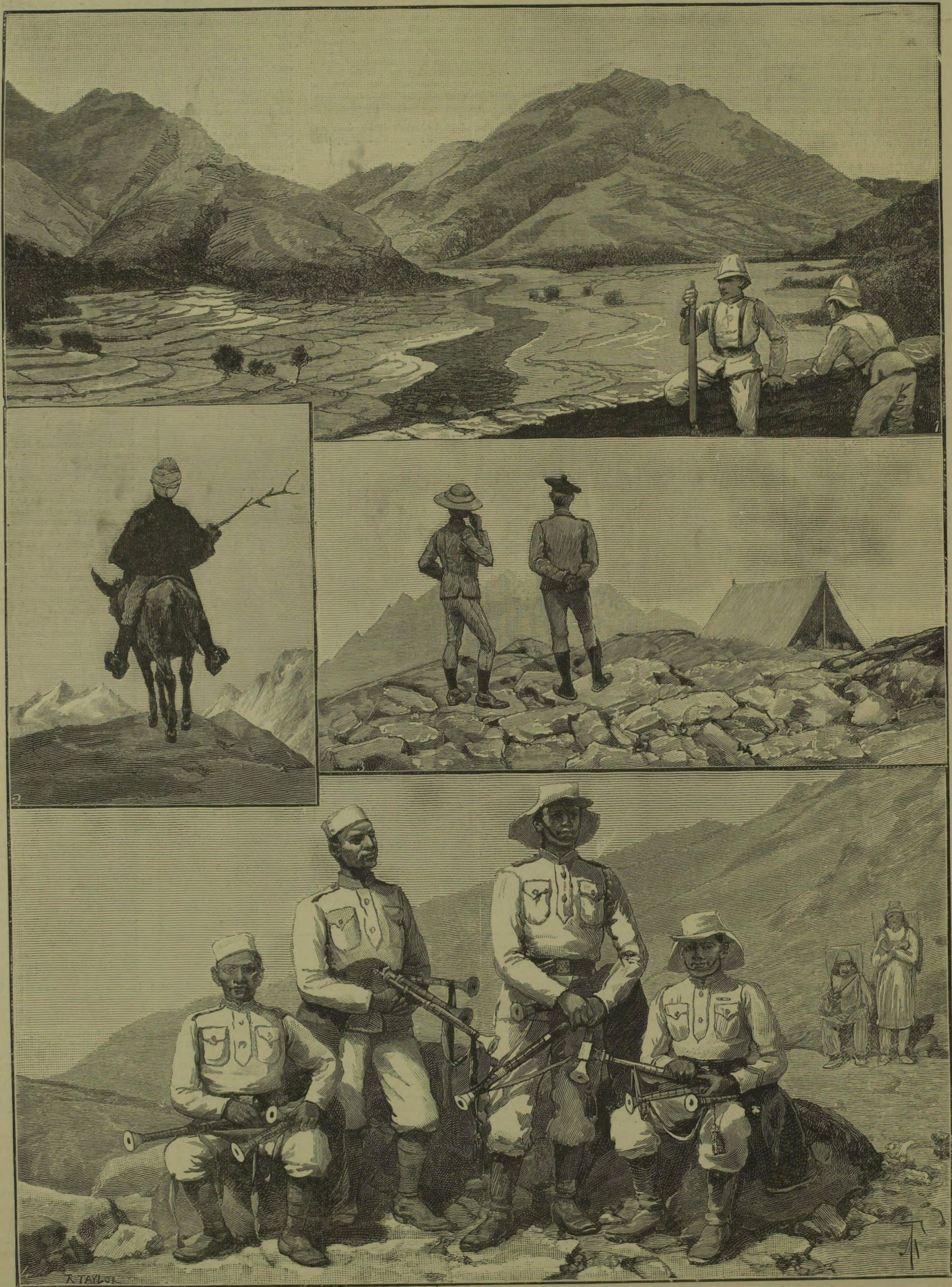
THE LATE SIR HENRY YULE, C.B., K.C.S.I.

This eminent Orientalist, who was one of the highest English authorities on points of Asiatic geography and history, and had been a very useful member of the Indian Government service, died in London on Dec. 30, at the age of sixty-nine. He was the youngest son of Major Yule, of the Bengal Army; was born at Inveresk, near Edinburgh, and was educated at the East India Company's Military Academy at Addiscombe, entered the Bengal Engineers, and was sent to India in 1840. His first employment was in the construction of canals in the North-West Provinces, but he shared in campaigns of active warfare on the Sutlej and in the Punjab. On the outbreak of war with Burmah he was sent to the Arracan frontier, in order to make a complete survey of the borders between that province and Upper Burmah. During this work he attracted the attention of the late Sir Arthur Phayre, and when that officer was sent, in 1855, on a special mission to Ava, Colonel Yule accompanied him as private secretary, and afterwards wrote an account of the embassy. After his return to India the Mutiny broke out, and during 1857 he was employed on defensive works at Allahabad, Benares, and Mirzapore. In 1858 he was attached to the Railway Department, having previously acted as Under-Secretary in the Public Works Department, and from 1857 to 1862 held the appointment of Secretary to the same office. In 1862, partly on account of ill-health, he retired from the service, with the honorary rank of Colonel. After an interval of thirteen years he returned to official life as member for the India Council, to which he was appointed in 1875 as a life member. The state of his health compelled his retirement from that post six months ago. His influence on the literary and geographical matters submitted to the Library Committee of the India Office and on public works questions was much valued. Lord Cross and other Secretaries of State for India bore testimony to the amount of excellent work he had done. He was made a Knight Commander of the Star of India twelve months ago. The most important of his literary works are the learned commentary and annotations of an edition, published in 1871, of the travels of the old Venetian merchant Marco Polo, with additions in the second edition, which appeared in 1875; and a preceding book, "Cathay and the Way Thither," published in 1866, giving a connected account of all the old travellers overland from Europe to China; more recently, the "Diary of William Hedges," one of the earliest English travellers in India, which was edited by Colonel Yule for the Hakluyt Society, and was published in three volumes last year; also "Hobson-Jobson, a Glossary of Anglo-Indian Terms and Phrases." Sir Henry Yule was at one time President of the Royal Asiatic Society, and took part in the proceedings of other learned institutions; he was one of the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

The Professorship of Agriculture and Rural Economy at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, vacant by the resignation of Professor M'Cracken, on his appointment as agent to Lord Crewe, has been conferred on Mr. James Muir, an old student and Gold Medallist of the College.

The Board of Trade have awarded a gold medal to Claus Berntsen Lodre, a Norwegian pilot, and a silver medal to Claus Pederson Lodre, his grandson, together with sums of money to both persons, in recognition of their services in rescuing the survivors of the shipwrecked crew of the steamship Hartlepool, of West Hartlepool, which stranded near Egersund, Norway, on Dec. 6, 1888.

In consequence of the amalgamation of the eleven garrison divisions of the Royal Artillery in three great territorial divisions, and the return of the 43,000 Artillery Volunteers to their original designations, the War Office has issued an order directing that in future the men of each corps shall wear on their shoulder-straps the county numbers of their brigades above a "V," to denote "Volunteers," with the name of the county below, as "1 V., Durham," for the Sunderland Brigade. To avoid expense, the change need not be made immediately, the men being allowed to wear their shoulder-straps as they are until the present tunics are worn out.



1. Camp at Gunar, near the Border of Kumaon and British Garhwal.

2. "Napoleon crossing the Alps."

3. A Council of War.

4. Group of Ghoorka Pipers.

WITH THE NITI FIELD FORCE: SKETCHES ON THE ROAD TO THE THIBET FRONTIER.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

"Look here, Sir: a Scillonian in the old days called himself a pilot, a fisherman, a shopkeeper, or a farmer, just as he pleased."

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER II.

PRESENTED BY THE SEA.

"PETER!" cried Armorel in the farmyard, "Peter! Peter! Wake up! Where is the boy? Wake up and come quick!"

The boy was not sleeping, however, and came forth slowly, but obediently, in rustic fashion. He was a little older than most of those who still permit themselves to be called boys: unless his looks deceived one, he was a great deal older, for he was entirely bald, save for a few long scattered hairs, which were white. His beard and whiskers also consisted of nothing but a few sparse white hairs. He moved heavily, without the spring of boyhood in his feet. Had Peter jumped or run, one might in haste have inferred a condition of drink or mental disorder. As for his shoulders, too, they were rounded, as if by the weight of years, a thing which is rarely seen in boys. Yet Armorel called this antique person the boy, and he answered to the name without remonstrance.

"Quick, Peter!" she cried. "There's a boat drifting on White Island Ledge, and the tide's running out strong, and there are two men in her, and they've got no oars in the boat. Ignorant trippers, I suppose! They will both be killed to a certainty, unless— Quick!"

Peter followed her flying footsteps with a show of haste and a movement of the legs approaching alacrity. But then he was always a slow boy, and one who loved to have his work done for him. Therefore, when he reached the landing-place, he found that Armorel was well before him, and that she had already shipped mast and sail and oars, and was waiting for him to shove off.

Samson has two landing beaches, one on the north-east below Bryher Hill, and the other farther south, on the eastern side of the valley. There might be a third, better than either, on Porth Bay, if anyone desired to put off there on the west side facing the other islands, where nobody has any business at all except to see the rocks or to shoot wild birds.

The beach used by the Holy Hill folk was the second of these two: here they kept their boats, and had their old stone boathouse to store the gear; and it was here that Armorel stood waiting for her companion.

Peter was slow on land: at sea, however, he alone is slow who does not know what can be got out of a boat, and how it can be got. Peter did possess this knowledge: all the islanders, in fact, have it. They are born with it. They also know that nothing at sea is gained by hurry. It is a maxim which is said to rule or govern their conduct on land as well as afloat. Peter, therefore, when he had pushed off, sat down and took an oar with no more appearance of hurry than if he were taking a boat-load of boxes filled with flowers across to the Port. Armorel took the other oar.

"They are drifting on White Island Ledge," repeated Armorel; "and the tide is running out fast."

Peter made no reply—Armorel expected none—but dipped his oar. They rowed in silence for ten minutes. Then Peter found utterance and spoke slowly.

"Twenty years ago—I remember it well—a boat went ashore on that very Ledge. The tide was running out—strong, like to-night. There was three men in her. Visitors they were, who wanted to save the boatman's pay. Their bodies was never found."

Then both pulled on in silence and doggedly.

In ten minutes or more they had rounded the Point at a respectful distance, for reasons well known to the navigator and the nautical surveyor of Scilly. Peter, without a word, shipped his oar. Armorel did likewise. Then Peter stepped the mast and hoisted the sail, keeping the line in his own hand, and looked ahead, while Armorel took the helm.

"It's Jenkins's boat," said Peter, because they were now in sight of her. "What'll Jenkins say when he hears that his boat's gone to pieces?"

"And the two men? Who are they? Will Jenkins say nothing about the men?"

"Strangers they are; gentlemen, I suppose. Well—if the breeze doesn't soon— Ah! Here it is!"

The wind suddenly filled the sail. The boat heeled over under the breeze, and a moment after was flying through the water straight up the broad channel between the two Minaltos and Samson.

The sun was very low now: between them and the west lay the boat they were pursuing, a small black object with two black silhouettes of figures clear against the crimson sky. And now Armorel perceived that they had by this time gotten an inkling, at least, of their danger, for they no longer sat passive, but had torn up a plank from the bottom with which one, kneeling in the bows, was working as with a paddle, but without science: the boat yawed this way and that, but still kept on her course drifting to the rocks.

"If she touches the Ledge, Peter," said Armorel, "she will be in little bits in five minutes. The water is rushing over it like a millstream."

This she said ignorant of mill-streams, because there are none on Scilly; but the comparison served.

"If she touches," Peter replied, "we may just go home again. For we shall be no good to nobody."

Beyond the boat they could plainly see the waters breaking over the Ledge; the sun lit up the white foam that leaped and flew over the black rocks just showing their teeth above the water as the tide went down.

Here is a problem—you may find plenty like it in every book of algebra. Given a boat drifting upon a ledge of rocks with the current and the tide; given a boat sailing in pursuit

with a fair wind aft; given also the velocity of the current and the speed of the boat and the distance of the first boat from the rocks: at what distance must the second boat commence the race in order to catch up the first before it drives upon the rocks?

This second boat, paying close attention to the problem, came up hand over hand, rapidly overtaking the first boat, where the two men not only understood at last the danger they were in, but also that an attempt was being made to save them. In fact, one of them, who had some tincture or flavour of the mathematics left in him from his schooldays, remembered the problems of this class, and would have given a great deal to have been back again in school working out one of them.

Presently the boats were so near that Peter hailed, "Boat ahoy! Back her! Back her, or you'll be upon the rocks! Back her all you know!"

"We've broken our oars," they shout d.

"Keep her off!" Peter bawled again.

Even with a plank taken from the bottom of the boat a practised boatman would have been able to keep her off long enough to clear the rocks; but these two young men were not used to the ways of the sea.

"Put up your hellum," said Peter quietly.

"What are you going to do?" The girl obeyed first, as one must do at sea, and asked the question afterwards.

"There's only one chance. We must cut across her bows. Two lubbers! They ought not to be trusted with a boat. There's room." He looked at the Ledge ahead and at his own sail. "Now—steady." He tightened the rope, the boat changed her course. Then Peter stood up and called again, his hand to his mouth, "Back her! Back her! Back her all you know!" He sat down and said quietly, "Now, then—luff it is—luff—all you can."

The boat turned suddenly. It was high time. Right in front of them—only a few yards in front—the water rushed as if over a cascade, boiling and surging among the rocks. At high tide there would have been the calm unruffled surface of the ocean swell; now, there were roaring floods and swelling whirlpools. The girl looked round, but only for an instant. Then the boat crossed the bows of the other, and Armorel, as they passed, caught the rope that was held out to her.

One moment more and they were off the rocks, in deep water, towing the other boat after them.

Then Peter arose, lowered the sail, and took down his mast. "Nothing," he said, "between us and Mincarlo. Now, gentlemen, if you will step into this boat we can tow yours along with us. So—take care, Sir. Sit in the stern beside the young lady. Can you row, either of you?"

They could both row, they said. In these days a man is as much ashamed of not being able to row as, fifty years ago, he

was ashamed of not being able to ride. Peter took one oar and gave the other to the stranger nearest. Then, without more words, he dipped his oar and began to row back again. The sun went down, and it suddenly became cold.

Armored perceived that the man beside her was quite a young man—not more than one- or two-and-twenty. He wore brave attire—even a brown velvet jacket, a white waistcoat, and a crimson necktie; he also had a soft felt hat. Nature had not yet given him much beard, but what there was of it he wore pointed, with a light moustache so arranged as to show how it would be worn when it became of a respectable length. As he sat in the boat he seemed tall. And he did not look at all like one of the bawling and boastful trippers who sometimes come over to the Islands for a night and pretend to know how to manage a boat. Yet—

"What do you mean," asked the girl, severely, "by going out in a boat, when you ought to have known very well that you could not manage her?"

"We thought we could," replied this disconcerted pretender, with meekness suitable to the occasion. Indeed, under such humiliating circumstances, Captain Parolles himself would become meek.

"If we had not seen you," she continued, "you would most certainly have been killed."

"I begin to think we might. We should certainly have gone on those rocks. But there is an island close by. We could swim."

"If your boat had touched those rocks you would have been dead in three minutes," this maid of wisdom continued. "Nothing could have saved you. No boat could have come near you. And to think of standing or swimming in that current and among those rocks! Oh! but you don't know Scilly."

"No," he replied, still with a meekness that disarmed wrath, "I'm afraid not."

"Tell me how it happened."

The other man struck in—he who was wielding the oar. He also was a young man, of shorter and more sturdy build than the other. Had he not, unfortunately, confined his whole attention in youth to football, he might have made a good boatman. Really, a young man whose appearance conveyed no information or suggestion at all about him except that he seemed healthy, active, and vigorous, and that he was, presumably, short-sighted, or he would not have worn spectacles.

"I will tell you how it came about," he said. "This man would go sketching the coast. I told him that the islands are so beautifully and benevolently built that every good bit has got another bit on the next island, or across a cove, or on the other side of a bay, put there on purpose for the finest view of the first bit. You only get that arrangement, you know, in the Isles of Scilly and the Isles of Greece. But he wouldn't be persuaded, and so we took a boat and went to sea, like the three merchants of Bristol city. We saw Jerusalem and Madagascar very well, and if you hadn't turned up in the nick of time I believe we should have seen the river Styx as well, with Cocytus very likely: good old Charon certainly: and Tantalus, too much punished—overdone—up to his neck."

Armored heard, wondering what, in the name of goodness, this talker of strange language might mean.

"When his oar broke, you know," the talker went on, "I began to laugh, and so I caught a crab; and while I lay in the bottom laughing like Tom of Bedlam, my oar dropped overboard, and there we were. Five mortal hours we drifted: but we had tobacco and a flask, and we didn't mind so very much. Some boat, we thought, might pick us up."

"Some boat!" echoed Armored. "And outside Samson!"

"As for the rocks, we never thought about them. Had we known of the rocks, we should not have laughed."

"You have saved our lives," said the young man in the velvet jacket. He had a soft, sweet voice, which trembled a little as he spoke. And, indeed, it is a solemn thing to be rescued from certain death!

"Peter did it," Armored replied. "You may thank Peter."

"Let me thank you," he said, softly and persuasively. "The other man may thank Peter."

"Just as you like. So long, that is, as you remember that it will have to be a lesson to you as long as you live never to go out in a boat without a man."

"It shall be a lesson. I promise. And the man I go out with, next time, shall not be you, Dick."

"Never," she went on, enforcing the lesson—"never go in a boat alone, unless you know the waters. Are you Plymouth trippers? But then Plymouth people generally know how to handle a boat."

"We are from London." In the twilight the blush caused by being taken for a Plymouth tripper was not perceived. "I am an artist, and I came to sketch." He said this with some slight emphasis and distinction. There must be no mistaking an artist from London for a Plymouth tripper.

"You must be hungry."

"We are ravenous, but at this moment one can only feel that it is better to be hungry and alive than to be drowned and dead."

"Oh!" she said earnestly. "You don't know how strong the water is. It would have thrown you down and rolled you over and over among the rocks, your head would have been knocked to pieces, your face would have been crushed out of shape, every bone would have been broken: Peter has seen them so."

"Ay! ay!" said Peter. "I've picked 'em up just so. You are well off those rocks, gentlemen."

Silence fell upon them. The twilight was deepening, the breeze was chill, Armored felt that the young man beside her was shivering—perhaps with the cold. He looked across the dark water and gasped. "We are coming up," he said, "out of the gates of death, and the jaws of hell. Strange! To have been so near unto dying. Five minutes more, and there would have been an end, and two more men would have been created for no other purpose but to be drowned."

Armored made no reply. The oars kept dipping, dipping, evenly and steadily. Across the waters on either hand flashed lights: St. Agnes and the Bishop from the south—they are white lights; and from the north the crimson splendour of Round Island: the wind was dropping, and there was a little phosphorescence on the water, which gleamed along the blade of the oar.

In half an hour the boat rounded the new pier and they were in the harbour of Hugh Town at the foot of the landing-steps.

"Now," said Armored. "You had better get home as fast as you can and have some supper."

"Why!" cried the artist, realising the fact for the first time. "You are bare-headed. You will kill yourself."

"I am used to going about bare-headed. I shall come to no harm. Now go and get some food."

"And you?" The young man stood on the stepping-stones ready to mount.

"We shall put up the sail and get back to Samson in twenty minutes. There is breeze enough for that."

"Will you tell us," said the artist, "before you go—to whom we are indebted for our very lives?"

"My name is Armored."

"May we call upon you? To-night we are too bewildered. We cannot say what we ought and must say."

"I live on Samson. What is your name?"

"My name is Roland Lee. My friend here is called Dick Stephenson."

"You can come if you wish. I shall be glad to see you," she corrected herself, thinking she had been inhospitable and ungracious.

"Am I to ask for Miss Armored?"

She laughed merrily. "You will find no one to ask, I am afraid. Nobody else, you see, lives on Samson. When you land, just turn to the left, walk over the hill, and you will find the house on the other side. Samson is not so big that you can miss the house. Good-night, Roland Lee. Good-night, Dick Stephenson."

"She's only a child," said the young man called Dick, as he climbed painfully and fearfully up the dark and narrow steps, slippery with seaweed and not even protected by an inner bar. "I suppose it doesn't much matter, since she's only a child. But I merely desire to point out that it's always the way. If there does happen to be an adventure accompanied by a girl—most adventures bring along the girl: nobody cares, in fact, for an adventure without a girl in it—I'm put in the background and made to do the work while you sit down and talk to the girl. Don't tell me it was accidental. It was the accident of design. Hang it all! I'll turn painter myself."

CHAPTER III.

IN THE BAR PARLOUR.

At nine o'clock the little bar parlour of Tregarthen's was nearly full. It is a very little room, low as well as little, therefore it is easily filled. And though it is the principal club-room of Hugh Town, where the better sort and the notables meet, it can easily accommodate them all. They do not, however, meet every evening, and they do not all come at once. There is a wooden settle along the wall, beautifully polished by constant use, which holds four: a smaller one beside the fire where, at a pinch, two might sit; there is a seat in the window which also might hold two, but is only comfortable for one. A small round table only leaves room for one chair. This makes sitting accommodation for nine, and when all are present and all nine are smoking tobacco like one, the atmosphere is convivially pungent. This evening there were only seven. They consisted of the two young men whose perils on the deep you have just witnessed: a Justice of the Peace—but his office is a sinecure, because on the Scilly Isles virtue reigns in every heart: a flower-farmer of the highest standing: two other gentlemen, weighed down with the mercantile anxieties and interests of the place—they ought to have been in wigs and square brown coats, with silver buckles to their shoes: and one who held office and exercised authority.

The art of conversation cannot be successfully cultivated on a small island, on board ship, or in a small country town. Conversation requires a continual change of company, and a great variety of topics. Your great talker, when he inconsiderately remains too long among the same set, becomes a bore. After a little, unless he goes away, or dies, or becomes silent, they kill him, or lock him up in an asylum. At Tregarthen's he would be made to understand that either he, or the rest of the population, must leave the archipelago and go elsewhere. In some colonial circles they play whist, which is an excellent method, perhaps the best ever invented, for disguising the poverty or the absence of conversation. At Tregarthen's they do not feel this necessity—they are contented with their conversation: they are so happily contented that they do not repine even though they get no more than an observation dropped every ten minutes or so. They are not anxious to reply hurriedly; they are even contented to sit silently enjoying the proximity of each other—the thing, in fact, which lies at the root of all society. The evening is not felt to be dull, though there are no fireworks of wit and repartee. Indeed, if Douglas Jerrold himself were to appear with a bag full of the most sparkling epigrams and repartees, nobody would laugh, even when he was kicked out into the cold and unappreciative night—the stars have no sense of humour—as a punishment for impudence.

This evening the notables spoke occasionally: they spoke slowly—the Scillonians all talk slowly—they neither attempted nor looked for smartness. They did not tell stories, because all the stories are known, and they can now only be told to strangers. The two young men from London listened without taking any part in the talk: people who have just escaped—and that narrowly—a sharp and painful death by drowning and banging on jagged rocks are expected to be hushed for a while. But they listened. And they became aware that the talk, in whatever direction it wandered, always came back to the sea. Everything in Scilly belongs to the sea: they may go up country—which is a journey of a mile and a half, or even two miles—and speak for a moment of the crops and the farms; but that leads to the question of import and export, and, therefore, to the vessels lying within the pier, and to the steam service to Penzance and to vessels in other ports and, generally, to steam service about the world. And again, wherever two or three are gathered together in Scilly, one at least will be found to have ploughed the seas in distant parts. This confers a superiority on the society of the islands which cannot, even in these days, be denied or concealed. In the last century, when a man who was known to have crossed the Pacific entered a coffee-house, the company with one accord gazed upon him with envy and wonder. Even now, familiarity hath not quite bred contempt. We still look with unbecoming respect upon one who can tell of Tahiti and the New Hebrides, and has stood upon the mysterious shores of Papua. And, at Tregarthen's this evening, these two strangers were young; they had not yet made the circuit of the round earth: they had had, as yet, not many opportunities of talking with travellers and sailors. Therefore, they listened, and were silent.

Presently, one after the other, the company got up and went out. There is no sitting late at night in Scilly. There were left of all, only the Permanent Official.

"I hear, gentlemen," he said, "that you have had rather a nasty time this evening."

"We should have been lost," said the artist, "but for a— a young lady, who saw our danger and came out to us."

"Armored. I saw her towing in your boat and landing you. Yes, it was a mighty lucky job that she saw you in time. There's a girl! Not yet sixteen years old! Yet I'd rather trust myself with her in a boat, especially if she had the boy Peter with her, than with any boatman of the Islands. And there's not a rock or an islet, not a bay or a headland in this country of bays and capes and rocks, that she does not know. She could find her way blindfold by the feel of the wind and the force of the current. But it's in her blood. Father to son—father to son and daughter too—the Roseveans are born boatmen."

"She saved our lives," repeated the artist. "That is all we know of her. It is a good deal to know, perhaps, from our own point of view."

"She belongs to Samson. They've always lived on

Samson. Once there were Roseveans, Tryeths, Jenkinsons, and Woodcocks on Samson. Now, they are nearly all gone—only one family of Rosevean left, and one of Tryeth."

"She said that nobody else lived there."

"Well, it is only her own family. They've started a flower-farm lately on Holy Hill, and I hear it's doing pretty well. It's a likely situation, too, facing south-west and well sheltered. You should go and see the flower-farm. Armored will be glad to show you the farm, and the island too. Samson has got a good many curious things—more curious, perhaps, than she knows, poor child!"

He paused for a moment, and then continued: "There's nobody on the island now but themselves. There's the old woman, first—you should see her too. She's a curiosity by herself—Ursula Rosevean—she was a Traverse, and came from Bryher to be married. She married Methusalem Rosevean, Armored's great-great-grandfather—that was nigh upon eighty years ago; she's close upon a hundred now; and she's been a widow since—when was it?—I believe she'd only been a wife for twelve months or so. He was drowned on a smuggling run—his brother Emanuel, too. Widow used to look for him from the hilltop every night for a year and more afterwards. A wonderful old woman! Go and look at her. Perhaps she will talk to you. Sometimes, when Armored plays the fiddle, she will brighten up and talk for an hour. She knows how to cure all diseases, and she can foretell the future. But she's too old now, and mostly she's asleep. Then there's Justinian Tryeth and Dorcas, his wife—they're over seventy, both of them, if they're a day. Dorcas was a St. Agnes girl—that's the reason why her name was Hicks: if she'd come from Bryher she'd have been a Traverse: if from Tresco she'd have been a Jenkins. But she was a Hicks. She's as old as her husband, I should say. As for the boy, Peter"—

"She called him the boy, I remember. But he seemed to me"—

"He's fifty, but he's always been the boy. He never married, because there was nobody left on Samson for him to marry, and he's always been too busy on the farm to come over here after a wife. And he looks more than fifty, because once he fell off the pier, head first, into the stern of a boat, and after he'd been unconscious for three days all his hair fell off except a few stragglers, and they'd turned white. Looks most as old as his father. Chessun's near fifty-two."

"Who is Chessun?"

"She's the girl. She's always been the girl. She's never married, just like Peter her brother, because there was no one left on Samson for her. And she never leaves the island except once or twice a year, when she goes to the afternoon service at Bryher. Well, gentlemen, that's all the people left on Samson. There used to be more—a great many more—quite a population, and if all stories are true they were a lively lot. You'll see their cottages standing in ruins. As for getting drowned, you'd hardly believe! Why, take Armored alone. Her father, Emanuel—he'd be about fifty-seven now—he was drowned—twelve years ago it must be now—with his wife and his three boys, Emanuel, John, and Andrew, crossing over from a wedding at St. Agnes. He married Rovena Wetherel, from St. Mary's. Then there was her grandfather—he was a pilot—but they were all pilots, and he was cast away taking an East Indiaman up the Channel, cast away on Chesil Bank in a fog—that was in the year 1845—and all hands lost. His father, singular to relate, died in his bed unexpectedly—you can see the bed still—but, they do say, just before some officers came over about a little bit of business connected with French brandy. One of his sons went away, and became a Purser in the Royal Navy. Those were the days for Purser—their accounts were never audited, and when they'd squared the Captain and paid him the wages and allowances for the dummies and the dead men, they had left as much as a couple of thousand a year. After this he left the Navy and purveyed for the Fleet, and became so rich that they had to make him a knight."

"Was there much smuggling here in the old days?"

"Look here, Sir: a Scillonian in the old days called himself a pilot, a fisherman, a shopkeeper, or a farmer, just as he pleased. That was his pleasant way. But he was always—mind you—a smuggler. Armored's great-great-grandfather, father of the old lady's husband—him who was never heard of afterwards, but was supposed to have been cast away off the French coast—he was known to have made great sums of money. Never was anyone on the islands in such a big way. Lots of money came to the islands from smuggling. They say that the St. Martin's people have kept theirs, and have got it invested; but for all the rest, it's gone. And they were wreckers, too. Many and many a good ship before the islands were lit up have struck on the rocks and gone to pieces. What do you think became of the cargoes? Where were the Scilly boats when the craft was breaking up? And did you never hear of the ship's lantern tied to the horns of a cow? They've got one on Samson, could tell a tale or two: and they've still got a figure-head there which ought to have haunted old Emanuel Rosevean when his boat capsized off the coast of France."

"An interesting family history."

"Yes. Until the Preventive Service put an end to the trade, the Roseveans were the most successful and the most daring smugglers in the islands. But an unlucky family. All these drownings make people talk. Old wives' talk, I dare say. But for something one of them did—wrecking a ship—robbing the dead—who knows?—they say the bad luck will go on till something is done—I know not what."

He got up and put on his cap, the blue-cloth cap with a cloth peak, much affected in Scilly because the wind blows off any other form of hat ever invented.

"It is ten o'clock—I must go. Did you ever hear the story, gentlemen, of the Scillonian sailor?" He sat down again. "I believe it must have been one of the Roseveans. He was on board a West Indiaman, homeward bound, and the skipper got into a fog and lost his reckoning. Then he asked this man if he knew the Scilly Isles. 'Better nor any book,' says the sailor. 'Then,' says the skipper, 'take the wheel.' In an hour crash went the ship upon the rocks. 'Damn your eyes!' says the skipper, 'you said you knew the Scilly Isles.' 'So I do,' says the man. 'This is one of 'em.' The ship went to pieces, and near all the hands were lost. But the people of the islands had a fine time with the flotsam and the jetsam for a good many days afterwards."

"I believe," said the young man—he who answered to the name of Dick—"that this patriot is buried in the old churchyard. I saw an inscription to-day which probably marks his tomb. Under the name is written the words 'Dulce et decor'—but the rest is obliterated."

"Very likely—they would bury him in the old churchyard. Good night, gentlemen."

"Roland!" The young man called Dick jumped from the settle. "Roland! Pinch me—shake me—stick a knife into me—but not too far—I feel as if I was going off my head. The fair Armored's father was a corsair, who was drowned on his way from the coast of France, with his grandfather and his great-grandfather and great-granduncles, after having been cast away upon the Chesil Bank, and never heard of again, though he was wanted on account of a keg of French brandy

picked up in the Channel. He made an immense pile of money, which has been lost; and there's an old lady at the farm so old—so old—so very, very old—it takes your breath away only to think of it—that she married Methusalem. Her husband was drowned—a new light, this, on history—and of course she escaped on the Ark—as a stowaway or a cabin passenger? Armored plays the fiddle and makes the old lady jump.”

“We'll go over there to-morrow.”

“We will. It is a Land of Enchantment, this outlying bit of Lyonesse. Meanwhile, just to clear my brain, I think I must have a whisky. The weakness of humanity demands it.”

Oh! 'twas in Tregarthen's bar,
Where the pipes and whiskies are—

They are an unlucky family,” he went on, “because they ‘did something.’ Remark, Roland, that here is the very element of romance. My ancestors have ‘done something’ too. I am sure they have, because my grandfather kept a shop, and you can't keep a shop without ‘doing something.’ But Fate never persecuted my father, the Dean, and I am not in much anxiety that I too shall be shadowed on account of the old man. Yet look at Armored Rosevean! There's Distinction, mind you, in being selected by Fate for vicarious punishment. The old corsair wrecked a ship and robbed the bodies: therefore, all his descendants have got to be drowned. Dear me! If we were all to be drowned because our people had once ‘done something,’ the hungry, insatiate sea would be choked, and the world would come to an end. A Scotch whisky, Rebecca, if you please, and a seltzer. To-morrow, Roland, we will once more cross the raging main, but under protection. If you break an oar again, you shall be put overboard. We will visit this fair child of Samson. Child of Samson! The Child of Samson! Was Delilah her mother, or is she the granddaughter of the Timmite? Has she inherited the virtues of her father as well as his strength? Were the latter days of Delilah sanctified and purified? Happily, she is only as yet a child—only a child, Roland”—he emphasised the words—“although a child of Samson.”

In the night a vision came to Roland Lee. He saw Armored once more sailing to his rescue. And in his vision he was seized with a mighty terror and a shaking of the limbs, and his heart sank and his cheek blanched. And he cried aloud, as he sank beneath the cold waters: “Oh, Armored, you have come too late! Armored, you cannot save me now!”

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH CATHEDRAL IN MADAGASCAR.

We give an illustration of the cathedral church of St. Laurence which has just been consecrated at Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, the head of a diocese of the English Church. This building, which has been erected from the designs of Mr. W. White, F.S.A., of Wimpole-street, London, W., is 125 ft. long and 54 ft. 6 in. broad, including the transepts. The width is 76 ft. 6 in. It stands well at an elevation of 25 ft. above the sacred plain of Andohalo. The photograph was taken by Mr. Abraham Kingdon on the day of consecration. It represents the procession ascending the grand approach from the south, the Prime Minister appearing in the centre of the crowd on the terrace, surrounded by his suite. It will be observed that the cathedral has at present no towers; but it is proposed to add these when the funds admit of the work being completed. The building has, up to the present time, cost about £8000, the whole of which sum has been raised by the Bishop, the Right Rev. Robert Kestell-Cornish, D.D., chiefly from friends in England, but nearly £1000 from friends in Australia and New Zealand. The two great Church societies, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, each contributed £1000 in answer to the Bishop's appeal.

MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

Nineteenth Century.—It is safe, in these days, to deary the speculative dogmas of Rousseau; but Professor Huxley's exposition of the unquestionable truth, that mankind are born into an endless variety and inequality of mortal conditions, physical and social, cannot impugn the just political axiom that they ought to have an equality of civil rights. “The state of Nature” was never equitable; but an ideal equity is possible for the State. Dr. Bamberger describes the German daily newspapers, which most English readers would describe as generally dull. Mr. Gladstone reviews the acts of the Melbourne Whig Government, of which he was a constant opponent, but admires the character of Lord John Russell. He remarks, by the way, that “old men are sometimes regarded in this country with an excess of favour.” Lady Jersey compares Englishwomen of the present day with their “foremothers”; while Lady Cowper regrets “the decline of reserve among women.” The future disposal of the property of the City of London Charities is discussed by Mr. Robert Hunter. Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., contrasts “the actual Ireland” with the Ireland of political fancy. Mr. Marcus B. Huish computes the statistical and financial importance of Art Exhibitions and Art Galleries in England during the past ten years. Mr. Herbert Spencer vindicates his doctrine of “absolute political ethics” against Professor Huxley. Some corruptions of current English, in the literature of the day, are pointed out in an article by the late Dr. Charles Mackay. The dangers attending improper arrangements for electric lighting in our streets and houses are described by Mr. C. W. Vincent. Earl Grey warns Government to avoid certain mistakes and fallacies in the proposed legislation concerning tithes, and to give the titheowners their due, not yielding too much to the landowners.

Fortnightly Review.—Mr. Algernon Swinburne's tribute to the genius and spirit of Robert Browning consists of seven fine sonnets, worthy of both these poets. Professor Tyndall's personal recollections of Carlyle revive the characteristic figure known to his true disciples. The Bishop of Peterborough spends much ingenuity on the self-evident thesis that the State, having to maintain by force laws made for the

temporal welfare of its subjects, cannot exhibit all the virtues and graces of personal Christianity in its official action. Professor Dowden portrays the life of the Marquis de Marsay, a devout Protestant mystic of the eighteenth century, who went further in that direction than ordinary Christians. Mrs. Jeune's article on the dwellings of the London poor shows correct knowledge and judgment. There are clear and well-written articles on the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, the Cretan insurrection, Montenegro, and the Portuguese pretensions in Africa. Mr. Grant Allen discourses of sacred monoliths in different regions of the globe.

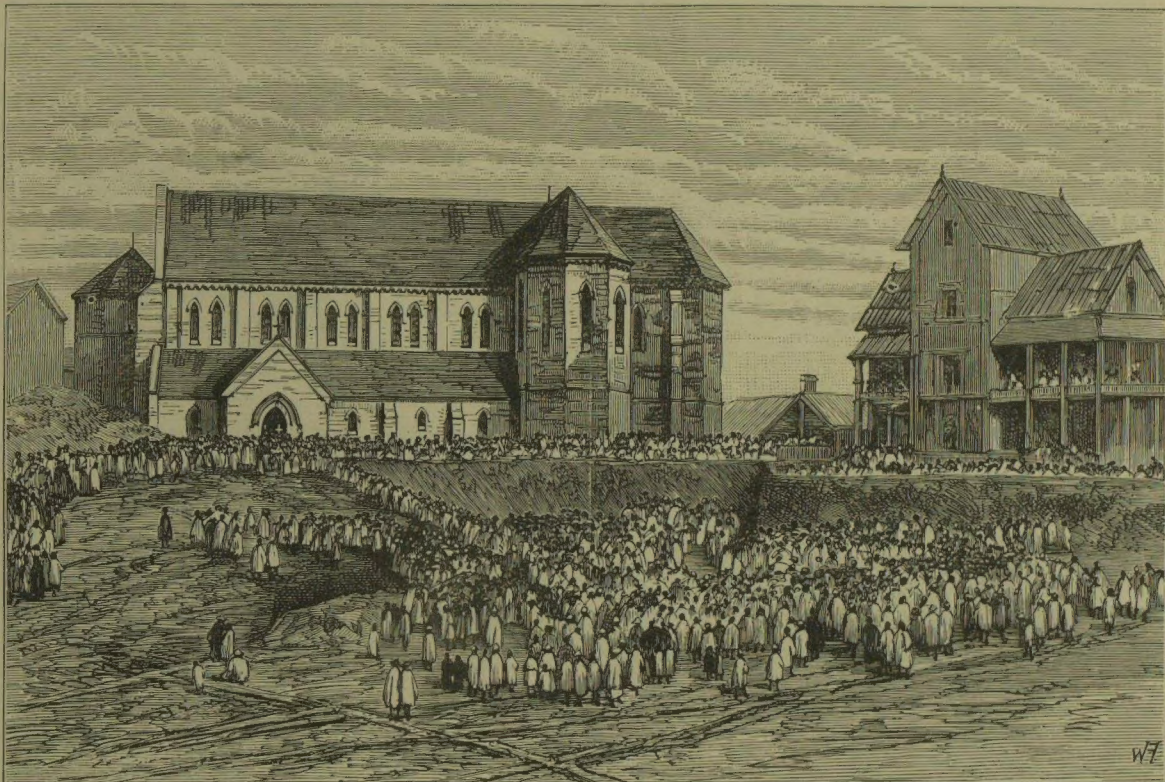
Universal Review.—The “Essays on Life,” continued by “Cœlebs,” assume the title of a “Man of the World,” but, instead of an essay, present an imaginary correspondence between a gentleman and two ladies, ending in a marriage. Professor Verrall's dissertation on “Love and Law” is an analysis of the “Cynthia” of Propertius, which he thinks was designed to illustrate the superior happiness of a respectable conjugal union. Lucas Malet's story, “The Wages of Sin,” proceeds in three further chapters, with two illustrations. The text of one of Chaucer's “Canterbury Tales,” rectified and annotated by Professor Skeat, is a good lesson of Middle English orthography and pronunciation, showing what musical harmony there is in Chaucer's verse, not modernised, but correctly read. Mr. Alfred Pollard's account of “Old Christmas Plays” is also of literary and antiquarian interest, and the facsimiles of ancient woodcuts are curious to study. Lady Dilke, in three beautiful apoloques, prose-poems, called “The Outcast Spirit,” “A Stainless Soul,” and “The Shrine of Love,” exerts a high faculty of imagination, inspired by pure and lofty sentiment, with impressive refinement of style. The illustrations, drawn by Mr. H. A. Kennedy, are powerful, but wanting finish as engravings. Mr. Samuel Butler describes a mediæval Italian girls' school at Orapa, near Biella, in Piedmont. In Mr. Graham Tomson's narrative poem, “Helle in Hades,” a Greek classical subject is treated in the romantic style.

Contemporary Review.—An eminent political economist, M. Emile de Laveleye, breaks a moth on the wheel in his exposure of the visionary fallacies suggested by Mr. E.

origin of the Theosophic creed are defended by Colonel Olcott, the partner of Madame Blavatsky in its promulgation to the sceptical Western world. Captain Willoughby Verner's description of Romney Marsh and its natural history will please those who like to know the local features of their native land. Readers of a literary taste will turn readily to Mr. Alfred Austin's comment on Tennyson's new poems.

The New Review.—The most consummate master of melodious versification is not, of necessity, the greatest poet. Mr. Swinburne's five poems, expressing the thoughts and feelings of a swimmer in the sea, are such perfect verbal music as can hardly be surpassed, but leave only a vague impression of sublimity and freedom, no definite ideal conception. Three novelists—Mr. Walter Besant, Mrs. Lynn Lynton, and Mr. Thomas Hardy—separately discuss the rather delicate question whether the novel-writing of this day be not too prudishly restricted from representing incidents of sexual immorality. Mr. Besant is decidedly on the side of proper reticence; but it is evident that not one of them can be much acquainted with the swarm of baser works of fiction still abounding in certain publishers' stores, or they would not say that the British Matron, the magazine editors, and the managers of circulating libraries have suppressed all allusion to vice of that kind. Lord Wolmer urges the Ministerial party to deal boldly and vigorously with the question of Tithes. “Rambles with Cupid and Psyche” is a pretty essay on the beneficial influence of childish love between boys and girls. Lady Dilke relates the efforts of herself and other ladies to promote the welfare of some oppressed classes of working women by a protective trade-unionism. A politician, whose discernment of personal qualities is not strongly manifested, tries to guess the probable successor of Mr. Gladstone in the leadership of the Liberal Party. The impending destination of Swaziland is angrily discussed by Mr. Rider Haggard, who cannot endure the independence of the Transvaal, and who greatly mistakes the prevailing sentiment of the Cape Colony. Mr. Henry James continues “The Solution,” an amusing story of American and English residents in Rome, with an undesirable matrimonial engagement to be defeated by friends of the rashly affianced couple. Some personal reminiscences of Browning, by Mr. Edmund Gosse, add to the testimonies of regard for his character as a man, but not to a better appreciation of his poetical works.

Blackwood's Magazine.—“In the Days of the Dandies” is a chattering course of some antiquated man of fashion's personal reminiscences of London Society fifty years ago, put into the shape of an imaginary dialogue with a modern London publisher. Captain F. D. Lugard, who aided Consul Neill in the brave defence of the Karonga station of the African Lakes Company against the Arab slave-traders, on the north-west shore of Lake Nyassa, furnishes an interesting description of that region, with the missionary stations of Blantyre, in the Shire highlands; the Makololo native people, Mponda, Livingstonia, and Bandawé, superintended by the Rev. Dr. D. C. Scott, Dr. Bowie, also Mr. Moir, and Mr. Buchanan, and Dr. and Mrs. Laws. This article comes most opportunely upon the occasion of the dispute with Portugal concerning the sovereignty of that district. Mr. Count Trotter reviews the biography of Cardinal Lavigier, the French Archbishop of Algiers and opponent of the African slave-trade. There is also a review of Mr. Holt Hallett's narrative of his expedition from Moulmein through the Shan country to the frontier of



CONSECRATION OF THE ENGLISH CATHEDRAL IN MADAGASCAR.

Bellamy's fantastic Socialist romance of A.D. 2000, published in America with the odd title “Looking Backward.” Mr. Andrew Lang's review of the whole series of Wilkie Collins's novels is a judicious performance of discriminating criticism, which pretty well expresses our own views of that popular author. The Bishop of Ripon has another word to say on Church Brotherhoods. On the controversy of ethnological theorists on the race-origin of the English nation, Professor Freeman strikes hard at the extreme propositions of M. Du Chailu, who makes the Angles a Scandinavian folk, and equally opposes Mr. Seebohm's notion that they were Teutons of High Germany; but he does not prove that the Angles and the Saxons were of one stock. Miss Julia Wedgwood, a thoughtful, earnest, and learned inquirer concerning the essential ideas of historical religions, examines the probable secondary significance of the parable of the unfaithful steward to Jews under the Roman Empire. The system of profit-sharing, as a remedy for disputes between labour and capital, is discussed by Professor Shield Nicholson with much insight and judgment. “A Bengal Magistrate” compares the agrarian and administrative problems of India with those of Ireland. In Mr. Michael Field's brief essay, “A Lumber-Room,” wise thoughts and sentiments of mystic tenderness are finely expressed. “Brazil, Past and Future,” is a topic of present importance, on which Mr. M. G. Mulhall, a statistician well acquainted with that country, supplies useful precise information. “Running for Records” is an exposure of the sometimes dangerous practice of ocean steam-ship racing at excessive speed, by Mr. J. R. Werner, an experienced marine engineer. The importance of Mr. Stanley's African discoveries to geographical science is displayed in an article by Mr. J. Scott Keltie. A panegyric on Browning, by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, does not carry on the examination of his poetical works beyond “Pauline,” the earliest and the least known, but dwells chiefly on Browning's consistent attitude as a steadfast religious believer.

National Review.—Commander Lovett Cameron, R.N., the African traveller, refutes the Portuguese claims to the Shire and Zambesi region, dealing especially with the arguments of Senhor Batalha Reis, Portugal Consul at Newcastle, recently published in the magazine of the Scottish Geographical Society. Mr. H. D. Traill's critical estimate of Browning's poems is juster and truer than some indiscriminate eulogies lately written. “Public Health and Politics,” by Mr. G. Rome Hall, “An Economic Cure for Socialism,” by Mr. W. Earl Hodgson, and the articles by Mr. Sydney Wyatt, on the proposed Miners' Federation, and by Mr. R. E. Prothero, on “Tithe and Peasant Tenancies,” may be commended to minds intent on practical questions of the day. The genuine antiquity and the Asiatic

Western China, with a view to railway construction and commercial extension. Mr. W. H. Bullock Hall relates his experiences, soon after the battle of Sedan, in travelling to Versailles, and round besieged Paris, to administer the charitable relief fund raised by the *Daily News*. A sonnet is dedicated to the memory of Browning by Sir Theodore Martin; and Dr. Peter Bayne has composed a good poem on the changeable aspects of a Scottish Highland “burn,” suggested by Tennyson's “Brook.”

Macmillan's Magazine.—Professor W. Minto's critical review of Mr. W. L. Courthope's “Life of Pope” has some interest for readers of literary biography. The writings of a Platt-Deutsch or Low German poet, Klaus Groth, of Holstein, who is still living, are analysed by Mr. C. H. Herford, and seem to have much literary value. Granville Sharp, the first ardent champion of the abolition of the slave-trade, and a notable Greek and Hebrew Biblical scholar, is recalled to our notice in a memoir by Lieutenant-Colonel Granville Browne. “The Head of the District,” by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, a writer of high dramatic faculty, intimately conversant with Anglo-Indian and native Indian life, is a stirring tale of official blunders and troubles on the North-West Frontier.

Murray's Magazine.—Mr. W. E. Norris begins a new story, “Marcia,” which is sure to be attractive. The controversy with respect to “fleets” and “forts,” as to which would be the more reliable defence of our shores, is carried on by Admiral P. H. Colomb and General Sir Andrew Clarke. Dr. Smiles reviews the dealings of publishers with authors in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mr. Barnum, the great American showman, tells a few more stories of his own life.

Longman's Magazine.—The story of “Virginie,” the daughter of a worthy innkeeper at Sévres, at the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789, is commenced by Mr. Val Prinsep, and promises to be interesting. Miss Ingelow's observations of babyhood, Mr. Clodd's philosophical speculations on death, Mrs. Walford's account of the home of Charlotte Brontë, and the short tales by Mr. Thomas Hardy and Miss May Kendall, are tolerably sufficient for the rest.

English Illustrated Magazine.—Mr. Alfred Austin, in his poem “Is Life worth Living?” answers that vain question affirmatively, with the spirit of a robust and manly poet. Sir F. Dickson's account of the Straits Settlements gives much correct information that is useful to the study of British commercial and administrative affairs. Mrs. Jeune and Mr. W. J. Walker throw fresh light on the questions of competition and co-operation among women in industrial employments. Mr. Walter Besant's story of Norwegian domestic life, “The Doll's House—and After,” is pathetic and sad.

LORD LONSDALE'S TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA.

In continuing the series of Illustrations of the Earl of Lonsdale's travels, during the twelvemonth ending in April 1889, from the North Saskatchewan River to the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and thence across Alaska to the North Pacific, we can only add to his Lordship's personal narrative, which was concluded in our last, some particulars gathered from several books relating to that vast and desolate region of North-West America, and the establishments of the Hudson Bay Company, by whose agents and servants it is occupied for the purposes of trade.

The exploration of these immense northern territories, called in our own time "The Great Lone Land," and still deserving of the name, lying as they do beyond the range of agricultural or pastoral industry which extends so rapidly westward in the Canadian Dominion, is of considerable historical antiquity. Hudson Bay was discovered, and its western shores carefully examined, in 1610, by the famous navigator, Henry Hudson, sent out by a London mercantile company to search for a North-West Passage to the Indies. In 1670, under the patronage of Prince Rupert, the Hudson Bay Company was formed, with a charter from King Charles II.; and Fort Churchill, at the mouth of the Churchill River; Fort York, on what is now called the Nelson River; Hayes Factory, and Severn Factory, also Albany Factory in James Bay, and Rupert Factory, at the southern extremity of the inland sea, were all founded within a few years after that date. These stations of the Company's officers and traders, with others, such as the factory on the Moose River, are still conducted under the Company's regulations in a similar manner: York Factory being their headquarters. The Company's service is entered by apprenticeship for five years, which qualifies young men to be appointed postmasters or clerks; and the way is opened to becoming, at a mature age, traders on behalf of the Company, with a share of profits, and even chief factors with much administrative power. There are, we understand, about fifty districts, each ruled by its own superintendent, and a hundred and fifty posts or stations, great and small, in the territories occupied by



LORD LONSDALE IN ARCTIC TRAVELLING ATTIRE.

this Company, which extend above two thousand miles from east to west, and fifteen hundred miles from north to south. Norway House, near the northern extremity of Lake Winnipeg, which receives the waters of the Saskatchewan from the west, and those of the Red River of Manitoba, is the dépôt of supplies for the interior north-western region. It is probable, however, that, at no distant day, the project of constructing a railway from this point, or from the Canadian Pacific Railway, to the Nelson and the Churchill Rivers of Hudson Bay, will be carried into effect. The navigation of the entrance into Hudson Bay, from the North Atlantic, is safe only during two months of the year, but its western ports are really nearer to Liverpool than are the ports of either New York, Boston, or Montreal; and Canadian corn, sent by railroad to the shores of Hudson Bay, might be stored there, for prompt and quick shipment while the outward passage is clear of ice for steamships returning to Great Britain.

There is also much reason to hope that large portions of the western country, between the Upper North Saskatchewan, the Athabasca, and the Peace Rivers lying towards the Rocky Mountains, where the climate is far milder than it is in the same latitude on the eastern side, will be found suitable for agricultural occupation. The soil is exceedingly rich; grain has actually been grown in abundant crops, and there is ample pasture land.

The Athabasca River and the Peace River both flow into Lake Athabasca; and here, at Fort Chipewyan, begins what may yet long remain "the Great Lone Land," unless goldfields be discovered there, at which we should not be much surprised, making it a new California. It may contain immense mineral wealth; coal and petroleum it does certainly possess; but it will never invite agricultural cultivation. On, due northward, by a fine navigable river, from Athabasca to the Great Slave Lake, thence down the great Mackenzie River, which receives the waters of the Great Bear Lake, then passing within the Arctic Circle, and traversing the land of the Esquimaux, the steam-boats of the Hudson Bay Company, every summer, reach the dreary coast of the Polar Sea. This was Lord Lonsdale's route; but, in order to avail himself of it, Lord Lonsdale probably endured more hardships than an ordinary



FORKS OF THE PEACE AND SMOKY RIVERS.



OXFORD HOUSE. BETWEEN NORWAY HOUSE AND YORK FACTORY.



A NOONDAY HALT, TEMPERATURE 55 DEGREES BELOW ZERO.
LORD LONSDALE'S TRAVELS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS OF NORTH AMERICA.

traveller: for he started in his boat-voyage down the Athabasca at the beginning of May, before winter was past, having driven his dog-sledge across the snows and swamps from Green Lake, near La Crosse; and he descended in an open boat to the Great Slave Lake, with painful hindrances and perils in order to catch the steamer for the Mackenzie River.

It is just a hundred years since the discovery of that great north-flowing river by Mr. Alexander (afterwards Sir Alexander) Mackenzie, one of the founders of the Canadian North-West Fur Company; but Samuel Hearne, a Hudson Bay Company man, who also discovered the Saskatchewan, had, twenty years before, reached a nearer part of the north coast by the Coppermine River. Mackenzie's canoe voyage of 1789, from Fort Chipewyan, down the "Slave River," the Great Slave Lake, and the Mackenzie River to the sea, returning safely to Fort Chipewyan in a hundred and two days, may not seem a very difficult performance in the summer months, but its geographical interest almost equals that of Stanley's first voyage down the Congo. Five years later, he ascended the Peace River, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and arrived on the coast of the Pacific Ocean.

Tedious commercial and territorial squabbles ensued, which were settled in 1821 by amalgamating the rival Canadian Fur Companies with the Hudson Bay Company. It does not belong to our present subject to do justice to the admirable efforts of Lord Selkirk, from 1811 to 1818, in founding a Scottish colony on the Red River of Manitoba, persistently thwarted by the influence of the Hudson Bay Company. The history of that affair is narrated by the Rev. Professor Bryce of Manitoba, in a very interesting volume, published some years ago by Messrs. Sampson Low

and Co. There is an entertaining account of the ordinary life and business of the servants of the Hudson Bay Company in "The Great Fur Land," by Mr. H. M. Robinson, received from the same publishers in 1879; and we are not aware that the routine of factory work and trade has materially changed. The Company has the reputation of dealing liberally with those in its employment, and wisely and humanely with the Indian tribes from whom, as well as from numerous half-breed trappers and adventurous French Canadians, it gets its yearly supplies of valuable peltry. These are obtained by setting iron or wooden traps for the animals in the winter, their fur being in the best condition at that season; the skins most prized are those of the pine marten or sable, and the so-called "fisher," the black and the silver fox, the red fox, the beaver, the bear, and the buffalo (now become very scarce); those of the mink, the racoon, the lynx, and the wolverine are of less value. The sea-otter, which fetches a high price, is taken on the coast of Alaska by an American Fur Company. It is said that the supply of fur-bearing wild animals is now falling short. We do not know whether it would be feasible to rear some kinds of them in large breeding establishments, from which they could be procured at much less cost than while running wild. The Company's financial prosperity has rather declined from its ancient state; but it did good service to our nation long before Canada was a great British Colony; and none of our countrymen in exile lead a more rigorous life, with patient endurance of discomfort and the privation of social comforts, than the small bands and scattered detachments of hardy Britons in North America, collecting furs to send to the London market. Dwelling at one of those



ESQUIMAUX AT PEEL'S RIVER, ALASKA.



NORWAY HOUSE, HEAD OF LAKE WINNIPEG.

LORD LONSDALE'S TRAVELS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS OF NORTH AMERICA.

remote factories, all the year round, for many years, and getting letters from home only twice a year—by the ship or steamer in summer, and by the annual sledge-train in winter—their exile is beyond comparison more severe than that of our friends in India, in Australia, or in any British colony; but we do not hear them complain. They do not mind cold to the degree of sixty below zero. It is quite possible that the condition of affairs on the shores of Hudson Bay, and on the lakes and rivers of the interior, may soon be marvellously altered by the advance of civilisation in North-West America, to the general benefit of mankind.

A few geographical notices may here be convenient. Lord Lonsdale did not approach the north-west region from Hudson Bay, but travelled by horse-sledge, in winter, from Qu'Appelle, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, to Prince Albert, on the North Saskatchewan, and thence northward by Green Lake, the Beaver River, La Crosse and Buffalo Lakes, and the Clear Water to the Athabasca. To the north of Lake Athabasca and of the Peace River, in latitude nearly 60 deg. N., is entered the grand basin of the Mackenzie River, which also receives the Athabasca waters from the south. The Mackenzie River, with its main tributaries, has a course of 2500 miles, of which 2000 miles are navigable by steam-boats. It drains an area of 550,000 square miles, receiving the streams of the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains along fifteen degrees of latitude, and those of the eastern region from three great Lakes—Athabasca, Great Slave Lake, and Great Bear Lake. The breadth of the river varies from half a mile to two miles, with numerous wooded islets; its depth from four to fifty fathoms; and its current runs six miles an hour. It is a much greater river than either the St. Lawrence or the Missouri. It reaches the Arctic Sea, in Mackenzie Bay, about the sixty-eighth degree of north latitude.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

The appointment of Lord Harris, who has been Under-Secretary of State for India, and latterly Under-Secretary for the War Department, to the Governorship of the Bombay Presidency, in succession to Lord Reay, is generally approved. The Right Hon. George Robert Canning Harris, fourth Baron Harris, was born Feb. 3, 1851, son of the third Lord Harris, who was Governor of Trinidad from 1846 to 1854, and Governor of Madras from 1854 to 1859, and who afterwards held appointments in the Royal Household. The peerage was conferred in 1815 on General Sir George Harris, K.C.B., for his military services. He was Commander-in-Chief, in 1799, at the siege and capture of Seringapatam, and in the conquest of Mysore from Tippoo Sultan. The title of Baron Harris recites the names of these victories; and the armorial bearings granted to the first Peer and his successors represent one of the sally-ports and drawbridges of the celebrated Indian fortress, with Tippoo Sultan's tiger for the crest; and, for supporters, a grenadier of the 73rd Regiment and a sepoy of the Madras Army holding flags. The present Lord Harris, whose mother was a daughter of Archdeacon Cummins, of Trinidad, was educated at Eton and at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1874. His seat is at Belmont, near Faversham, in Kent; and he is one of the leading English cricket-players; also a Captain of the East Kent Yeomanry Cavalry, a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of that county, and Deputy Chairman of Quarter Sessions and of the County Council. On the death of his father, in 1872, he became a member of the House of Lords. In 1874 his Lordship married the Hon. Lucy Ada Jervis, daughter of Lord St. Vincent; he has an infant son. He was appointed Under-Secretary of State for India in 1885, but since July 1886 has been in a corresponding office of the War Department.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-street.

A JAPANESE THEATRE.

Sir Edwin Arnold, who is making the tour of the world, has addressed another of his delightful letters to the *Daily Telegraph*, from Yokohama. The following description of a visit to the theatre will be read with interest:—

For three nights past we have sate heroically on our heels at Japanese theatres, witnessing the performances which so delight the Yokohama public. If you can put up with the "pins and needles" which come into the hapless lower limbs of the European after about an hour of this position upon matting, there is much to interest in such places. They are wholly unlike any temple of the drama at home. The first odd sight is an anteroom where everybody hangs up his or her clogs and *worajis*; and just imagine 600 pair of muddy pattens on pegs! Next is a teapot-room, where scores of teapots are suspended for the refreshment of the audience; since, at every pause in the performance, attendants go about shouting "Irroshaika!" and "O cha? o cha?" which is, "Give your orders!" and "Who wishes for the honourable tea?" The pit is a sloping floor covered with matting, and the gallery is divided into little square pens with railing a foot high, all nicely matted; and hither—if an habituë—you bring your cushion, your "tobacco-mono," your charcoal fire, your pipe, your baby—when you have one—and see at your ease alternately a comic piece and the successive acts of some tremendous mediæval tragedy. Everybody goes about in the building as he likes—especially the children, who lift up the curtain and survey the preparations for the next scene, scamper about the stage, and play all sorts of private games until the acting recommences, when they are as good as gold and quiet as mice. The performers come on from the "boot and shoe room," along a narrow side stage, the female parts being taken by boys. The dresses are rich and the acting intelligent, though extravagant—accompanied almost always by a wild instrumental recitative of strings and drum. Changes of the *mise-en-scène* and the general business of the stage are accomplished by persons who flit on and off in black habiliments, which are supposed to render them totally invisible to the spectators. These are, like Japanese everywhere, attentive, patient, easily pleased, and imaginative to the highest degree. They are abundantly content to see a forest where two small shrubs in pots are placed upon the boards, and an impenetrable wall where a split bamboo or a couple of stones have been deposited. The great character of most pieces is the *samurai*, the two-sworded swashbuckler, who comes prancing in with a terrific swagger, and ends by drawing his glittering blades to engage in fiery combat, or to commit the *hari-kari*.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS ASHE.

No rest save singing, but a song for friend
Have I, and sing, forgotten, to the end.

This was the life-story of Thomas Ashe, told in a few sad words by himself. A poet of considerable reputation in 1866, he did nearly all his best work after that date; obtained for



THE LATE MR. THOMAS ASHE, POET.

it little or no recognition, and died, a man worn out at fifty-three, on Dec. 18 just passed, in the London lodgings where he had lived alone for the last ten years. Before this he had passed a year or two in the Students' Quarter of Paris—almost more solitary than in London, but I think with an enjoyment of the bright life round him, of the noisy, changeable Boulevard St. Michel where he lodged.

Before Paris came ten years of teaching—two at Leamington College, and eight at the great school at Ipswich (he was

and simplicity of character, and an artist of some merit—was in earlier life a Manchester manufacturer.

Thomas Ashe was a man of high and thorough culture, well read in abstract philosophy and in the imaginative work of most literatures, with a knowledge and love of science. His work, perhaps too delicate and too sad to attract the mass of readers, is yet of the highest merit. Among poets and students of poetry it has many and enthusiastic admirers; and one may say with some confidence that the best of it will not die. The writer's exceptionally shy and sensitive nature is reflected in his verse—less than any man's could it ever "make a sensation"; but his "Poems," published by Bell and Sons, in a handsome volume, in 1886, and complete up till that date, are full of exquisite reading for a lover of poetry. "Edith," his longest work (originally published in 1875), is a story of singular charm, told in a trochaic metre intended to reproduce, for English ears, something of the effect of the Latin hexameter; the "Sorrows of Hypsipyle" (1886), a study after the Greek, was his best-known work; but the little autobiographical cycles of song, in "Songs Now and Then," (1876), and in his later volumes—all privately printed until (and after) the "Poems" of 1886—are of a charm yet rarer and a more delicate originality. Hardly any poet has sung of children with the knowledge and sympathy of Ashe—he loved them so dearly, and they him. Here are some verses from a little set of lyrics called "Marit"—fanciful love-poems addressed to a child of thirteen or so:—

My little love has dark-brown eyes,
With restless lashes sweet,
That haunt me with a new surprise
Whenever we meet.

Her eyes are wells serene and still,
Where dreamlike shadows lie;
And thoughts float in them at their will,
Clear as the sky.

Dear little love, her guileless way,
When musing she will stand,
One finger with her lip at play,
Flowers in her hand!

There is surely no style in English literature more limpid and flawless than that of which the verse I have italicised is an exquisite specimen. E. R.

ART BOOKS.

The Earlier English Water Colour Painters. By Cosmo Monkhouse. (London: Seeley and Co.)—Those pleasantly written essays, which have appeared from time to time in the *Portfolio*, well deserve to be brought together, and the publishers must be congratulated upon having produced a volume which deserves a high place among the gift-books of the season. Mr. Monkhouse writes more as a connoisseur than as a critic, and the letterpress is consequently more readable, while the good taste which has guided him in the selection of his examples of each artist's style leaves no room for cavil. Following common precedent, he assigns to Paul Sandby—the father of the water-colour school—the first place in his survey of a century of English art, although he admits that William Tavener, or Taverner (1703-1772), may claim that distinction as a painter of landscapes in water-colours. Neither Paul Sandby nor his elder brother, Thomas, who was also a draughtsman of no small power, had reason to complain of neglect. They were both appointed to the staff of the chief engineer in Scotland, and (as elder brother was the first to convey to the Government the news of the landing of the Pretender in 1745. For this service he was appointed private secretary to the Duke of Cumberland, and was present at the battle of Culloden, of which he made several sketches, now in the possession of her Majesty. On his return he was made Deputy Ranger of Windsor Great Park, and held the appointment until his death, in 1793. Paul Sandby's lot was scarcely less bright. Sir Joseph Banks and the Hon. Charles Greville were among his early patrons, and in 1768 he was appointed chief drawing-master to the Academy at Woolwich. His caricatures were generally light and decorous; but he did them chiefly for friends or his amusement. His real strength lay in landscape-painting, and, although he was infected by the prevailing "classicism" of which Richard Wilson was the chief exponent in oils, Paul Sandby at times emancipated himself from its restraints, and went direct to nature for his inspiration. For this good service, therefore, he deserves his title of the father of English landscape in water-colours.

Next to the Sandbys, the British school owes its debt of gratitude to the Cozens, father and son. The former, Alexander, generally known to have been the son of Peter the Great, was not born until his august father had withdrawn from Deptford and returned to Russia. Enthusiasts of heredity might exercise themselves in showing how much the English school of painting owes to the House of Romanoff. There can be no dispute as to the merit and originality of the drawings of Alexander Cozens, of which an interesting collection is to be found in the British Museum. Mr. Monkhouse goes so far as to say of him that he "had imagination, ingenuity, trained skill, and these, with that something else which is indefinable, were sufficient to make up that other indefinable quality genius." If his son, John Robert, had not all these qualities, he had a capacity for hard work which, allied with some of them, sufficed to raise him to a high eminence among his contemporaries. The etching of his drawing of the Castle of Gandolfo, in spite of its blackness, reveals the strong side of Cozens's style.

Mr. Monkhouse insists very strongly upon the influence of "topographic draughtsmen," the illustrators of books of travel, architecture, and topography. To these and to their spirited employers English art is under very heavy obligations. Hearn, Rooker, and Malton were among the best of these, and they richly deserve the prominence Mr. Monkhouse assigns to them. Of Turner and Girtin, Edridge and Prout, Bonington and Cotman, Copley Fielding and De Wint, Hunt and Müller, and, above all, of David Cox, there is no need to speak at length. By their works we know them; but by Mr. Monkhouse's pleasant volume we may learn to know them better, to appreciate them more thoroughly, and to assign to each his special place on the "roll of honour," on which their names will be inscribed as long as the taste for the true, the beautiful, and the poetic in art survives among us.

The open mathematical scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, has been gained by the Hon. Bertram Russell, youngest son of the late Lord Amberley, and grandson of the late Earl Russell. Mr. Russell, who is only sixteen, has never been to a public school, but passed to the University direct from his tutor at Southgate.



LORD HARRIS, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

mathematical and "modern form" master at both), and this brings us back to the turning-point of his life. Before he went to Leamington he was in the Church. Ordained by the Bishop of Peterborough in 1859, he was for a while Curate of Silverstone in Northamptonshire. He was much liked in his parish, and would no doubt have passed a useful and a much happier life if he could have remained in the Church. But he felt that he could not, and gave up his curacy; and after a time he dropped the "Reverend" from his name and ceased to wear the clerical dress.

Tracing his life thus backwards, it only remains to be said—after noting that he never married—that he was educated at the Grammar School of his birthplace, Stockport, and at St. John's College, Cambridge, and took mathematical honours in 1859. It was his curious fate to prepare his father for the Church: the Rev. John Ashe—a man of singular sweetness



STANLEY'S EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION LEAVING MATADI, ON THE CONGO, WITH TIPPOO TIB AND HIS WIVES.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. HERBERT WARD, ONE OF THE EXPEDITION.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION. EN ROUTE FOR LEOPOLDVILLE.

Matadi Point and Castle Hill are two of the most picturesque promontories on the Congo. In all their long strange history they probably never looked down upon a more remarkable procession than that which is depicted in this week's illustrations of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. It is hardly possible to conceive a more impressive combination of civilised and barbaric forces, human and material. And under a tropical sky, what a picture! Stanley in his characteristic headgear, and on his gaily caparisoned mule; his giant black standard-bearer on one hand, his famous Arab ally on the other; Tippoo Tib's wives in their flowing robes; the Soudanese warriors in their hooded coats, their rifles at their backs; the semi-nude bronzed native porters with their many and varied loads; the solemn Arab sheiks—the young English officers in their negligé uniforms; and no incident of colour too vivid for the sunshine and the tropical foliage; one would think that any theatrical manager on the look out for spectacular effect might find a world of attractions in such an assembly. No historic picture gallery of the Victorian era can be complete without an attempt to realise this extraordinary scene.

This week I am fortunate in having a description of Stanley on this very march from Matadi to Léopoldville from Ward. That it is mixed up with some personal references to his joining the expedition gives additional reality to the incident, which has been briefly mentioned in one of the earlier papers of the Congo and Expedition series.

"After completing my term of service for the Congo State, in March 1887," writes Ward, "I proceeded down country, for the purpose of embarking for Europe. But then I heard that Stanley was on his way out in command of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. I at once became anxious to accompany him on that interesting mission. I was able also to render him a timely service by engaging and taking down country some hundreds of natives for the transport of the loads of merchandise and ammunition which the expedition was taking into Central Africa for the succour of Emin Pasha. I had broken camp early one morning, and was marching rapidly along, when, in the distance, coming over the brow of a hill, I saw a tall Soudanese soldier, bearing Gordon Bennett's yacht flag. Behind him, and astride of a magnificent mule, whose silver-plated trappings shone in the bright morning sun, was Mr. Stanley, attired in his famous costume. Following immediately in his rear were his personal servants, Somalis, with their braided waistcoats and white robes. Then came Zanzibaris with their blankets, water-bottles, ammunition-belts, and guns. Stalwart Soudanese soldiery, with great hooded coats, their rifles on their backs, and innumerable straps and leather belts around their bodies, Waswaheli porters, bearing boxes of ammunition, to which were fastened axes, shovels, and hose-lines, as well as their little bundles of clothing, which were invariably rolled up in old threadbare blankets.

"Stanley saluted me very cordially, and dismounted. 'Take a seat,' said he, pointing to the bare ground. We squatted down, and he handed me a cigar from the silver case given to him by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on the night before Stanley left London. As concisely as possible, I told him of my great desire to join him on his journey, and, after a few minutes' conversation, Mr. Stanley said that, partly in recognition of the fact that I had rendered him such valuable help in obtaining the natives, he would accept me as a volunteer in his expedition. He then expressed his surprise at my healthy appearance, considering that I had been so long in Africa. Having directed me to hurry on with my natives, bring up the loads, and as expeditiously as possible overtake him at Stanley Pool, where we should all embark together, we parted.

"Passing along, I became further acquainted with the constitution of Stanley's great cavalcade. At one point, the whale-boat was being carried in sections, suspended from poles which were each borne by four men. Donkeys, heavily laden with sacks of rice, were next met with, and, a little farther on, the women of Tippoo Tib's harem, their faces concealed, and their bodies draped in gaudily coloured cotton cloths. Then, now and again, an English officer, with whom, of course, I exchanged friendly salutations. A flock of large horned goats next came along, and then the dignified form of the veritable Tippoo Tib came into view, as he strutted majestically in his flowing Arab robes and large turban, and carrying over his right shoulder a jewel-hilted sword—an emblem of office from his Highness the Sultan of Zanzibar. Behind him, at a respectful distance, followed several Arab sheiks, whose bearing was quiet and dignified.

"In response to my salutation they bowed most gracefully. Hajjambô," said I. "Sijambô," they replied. "Jambo sana," I answered. "Jambo sana," also said they. "Sana, sana," I added; and "Sana, sana," they repeated. "Khabari gani?" (What news?) I inquired. "Kabari Njema" (Good news) was the reply. And in that way I passed along the line of seven hundred men, which embraced, in addition to the nationalities I have already mentioned, Assyrians, Malagasies, and others, each wearing the distinguishing garb of his own country. As the expedition filed along the narrow, rugged path, it produced an effect no less brilliant than striking. Its unbroken line extended over a distance of probably four miles."

Contemplating this sunny picture, it is sad to reflect upon the cruel destiny to which many of the brave fellows were marching. Fate had doomed alike English officers and native followers to cruel deaths; and it is to be feared that, on this occasion, Fate was represented by the smirking and cunning Arab in the picture, with his sabre on his shoulder, his slaves, men and women, in his train.

JOSEPH HATTON.

The Royal Agricultural Society have issued their schedule of prizes for the meeting to be held at Plymouth in June. The value of the awards, including champion prizes, is £6146, of which £746 is contributed by the Plymouth Local Committee, and £332 by the Devon County Agricultural Association. Among exhibitors of horses will be distributed £1418; of cattle, £1704; of sheep, £1315; of pigs, £452; and of poultry, £276; £300 is set aside for the farm competition, and £200 for implements and dairy appliances, the remainder being reserved for farm produce. The last day on which entries will be made is May 1.

Gifts of an exclusive character were distributed at the St. Clement Danes Vestry Hall, on Christmas Eve, among the widows, destitute, afflicted, and poorest of the people of the parish, comprising Clare Market, to the number of 1000 families. At the solicitation of the Rector the professional and commercial population who reside during the day within the parish in connection with several friends, most liberally contributed to a fund which provided 2600 lb. of beef, 2600 2-lb. loaves of bread, 325 lb. of tea, and 600 yards of flannel. With the surplus money a substantial meal was subsequently given to between 400 and 500 boys and girls of the ragged and poorest class. A midnight service was held in the parish on New Year's Eve, when the church was crowded to excess, the Rector giving a most stirring address.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
H M S (Worthing).—Yes, if the check was got rid of by the interposition of a piece, or by the capture of the checking piece, and not by a move of the King. You must try again for the solution of No. 2384.
W R (Hayswater).—It will take you more than ten minutes to find a mate if Black answers your first move by P takes Kt.
R W S (Manchester).—It is quite permissible for a solution to begin with a capture when that is necessary. In this case it is not, and your proposed solution is wrong.

G ADAMSON.—Thanks for communications.
HERWARD.—Many thanks. It will probably comfort Mr. Payn to know that, if a letter spoils a joke, there is always a just cure to mend it.
K KELLY.—Your two-mover is neat although simple, and we shall try to make room for it. We wish to have the three-mover back as soon as ready.
J PIERCE.—Your pretty problem shall appear at an early date.

NUMEROUS CORRESPONDENTS are thanked for their good wishes and compliments.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2380 received from Dr. A. B. V. Sastry (Mysore) and John Hadley (San Francisco); of No. 2383 from Emil Frau (Lyons), Rev. John Willis (Barnstable, U.S.A.), J. W. Shaw (Montreal), An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), and F. Smith (Durham); of No. 2384 from B. D. Knox, G. J. Veale, R. H. Brooks, E. G. Boys, D. McCoy (Galway), and F. G. Rowlands (Shrewsbury); of No. 2385 from Loch Gail, Bernard Reynolds, S. Rover (Windsor), G. J. Horner, Herbert Chown, Aubrey Le Blond, D. McCoy, E. Bygott, E. G. Boys, Samuel King, J. C. Tabor, W. H. D. Henvey, A. W. Young, and Rev. W. Cooper.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF "CHESS NETS" received from W. H. D. Henvey, T. Roberts, C. Croft, R. F. N. Banks, S. Rover, Rev. Winfield Cooper, J. F. Moon, Thomas Chown, Bernard Reynolds, Emil Frau, A. W. Hooper, Jeff, and Loch Gail.

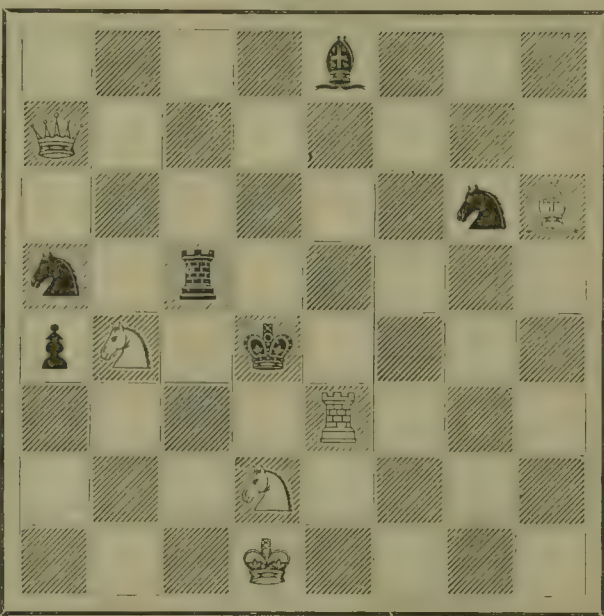
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2386 received from Hereward, E. Louden, W. W. Hooper, Bernard Reynolds, B. D. Knox, L. Desanges, Martin F. W. Dixon, F. Snee, S. Rover, A. Newman, Miss Growse, R. H. Brooks, J. Coad, R. Beumann (Berlin), E. G. Gorman (Dublin), W. Scott McDonald, Lieut. Colonel Loring, Monty, J. E. Herbert (Ashford), W. N. S. Juniper Junior, Dr. P. St. E. Bygott, E. Casola (Paris), J. Paul, T. Chown, W. Wright, M. Crouch, Julia Short, G. B. Perugini, E. Tomkins, J. Sparrow, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), T. G. Ware, Percy Rowlands, A. W. H. Gell (Exeter), Rev. Winfield Cooper, J. Cross, R. F. N. Banks, Fr. Fernando (Dublin), S. King, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), R. Winters (Canterbury), James Sage, W. H. Reuben, S. Parry, P. Watson, T. Roberts, E. T. Rowlands, W. Lewis, Shadforth, J. C. Tabor, G. J. Veale, and Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2384.—By W. HEITZMAN.

WHITE.
1. B to B 2nd
2. Kt to Q 4th
3. Q takes P, mate.

If Black play 1. K to K B 5th, then 2. Kt to Q 4th; and if 1. K to K 3rd, 2. Kt to Q 5th, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2388. By H. F. L. MEYER. BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION. Game played between Messrs. BIRD and MORTIMER. (Irregular Opening.)

| WHITE (Mr. B.) | BLACK (Mr. M.) | WHITE (Mr. B.) | BLACK (Mr. M.) |
|---|----------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 1. P to K B 4th | P to K 3rd | 25. B P takes B | Q takes P |
| 2. P to K 3rd | Kt to K B 3rd | | |
| 3. B to K 2nd | B to K 2nd | | |
| 4. P to Q Kt 2nd | P to Q Kt 2nd | | |
| 5. B to Kt 2nd | B to Kt 2nd | | |
| 6. Kt to K B 3rd | Castles | | |
| 7. Castles | P to Q 3rd | | |
| 8. P to Q B 4th | P to Q B 4th | | |
| 9. Q to K sq | | | |
| It will be convenient if this development were at once named "Bird's Opening," if only out of compliment to its most successful exponent. | | | |
| 10. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to K sq | | |
| 11. R to Q sq | Kt to Q 2nd | | |
| 12. Q to Kt 3rd | Kt to K sq | | |
| 13. P to Q 4th | P to B 4th | | |
| | R to B 3rd | | |
| This move is not simply useless, but turns out disastrously later on. | | | |
| 14. P to Q 5th | R to Kt 3rd | | |
| 15. Q to B 2nd | Kt to B 2nd | | |
| 16. P takes P | R takes P | | |
| 17. Kt to Q 5th | Kt takes Kt | | |
| Taking with the Bishop is better, as that piece is now shut out of play for the rest of the game. | | | |
| 18. P takes Kt | R to R 3rd | | |
| 19. Q to Kt 3rd | B to B 3rd | | |
| 20. Kt to Kt 5th | Q to K 2nd | | |
| 21. B to B sq | P to K sq | | |
| 22. P to Kt 4th | P to R 3rd | | |
| 23. Q to R 3rd | Kt to B sq | | |
| 24. P to Kt 3rd | B takes Kt | | |
| A match between Mr. G. E. Wainwright, amateur champion of England, and Mr. R. Loman has been commenced in the City Club. The match is to consist of five games up, draws not counting. The first game was won by Mr. Wainwright, and the second by Mr. Loman. | | | |
| An interesting match between the City of London Chess Club (second team) and the Kent County Chess Association came off on Monday at the Salutation, in Newgate-street. It may be remembered that about a year ago the same opponents had a similar match, which the City won by 15 games to 5. It was soon evident, however, that on this occasion Kent had come up in increased strength, and would make a better fight than it did last time. Its team included representatives of Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Dover, Folkestone, Ashford, Canterbury, Maidstone, Chatham, Rochester, Gravesend, Woolwich, Lewisham, and Lee. The fiery cross had been sent round properly, and the men of Kent had responded to the summons. Their leader was the Rev. L. W. Lewis of Rochester, and Mr. G. G. Cutler was captain of the City team. Play began at seven p.m., and at nine o'clock the score stood 5 to 4 in favour of the City. This was close work, but the City men now drew ahead, and at ten o'clock they had won 10 games to their opponents' 5. An exciting struggle then ensued and was kept up to the finish, when it was found that the City had won the match by 13½ to 9½. | | | |
| The German Emperor, as a mark of his appreciation of the efforts of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth in connection with the Spithead Review last year, has forwarded a handsome sword to Admiral Sir Edmund Commerell, with an autograph letter. The Emperor has also sent to Sir Evelyn Wood a sword of honour, the hilt of which is richly studded with diamonds, bearing on one side the monogram "W. R." and on the reverse the Imperial crown. On his visit to this country his Imperial Majesty spoke in terms of high praise of the working of the troops he reviewed on Aug. 7. | | | |

SIR ROWLAND HILL AND PENNY POSTAGE. A MEMORABLE JUBILEE.

GENERAL RESULTS OF PENNY POSTAGE.

On Jan. 10, 1840, the Penny Post was established throughout the United Kingdom. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of the system which then came into vogue. This noble institution has not only contributed to the expansion of British commerce in an unparalleled degree, but its social influence over the amenities of family life, and the vast development of friendly intercourse to which it has given rise, have been equally marked. The scientific enterprise of Brunel and Stephenson in the past, and of Edison in the present, cannot claim more far-reaching results than have attended the working of one of the simplest reforms which were ever engrafted upon an organisation already existing. Hundreds of millions of letters now pass through the Post Office where formerly they were reckoned by thousands; and nearly 40,000 persons are employed in various capacities by the department. Before the establishment of the Penny Post the cost of correspondence between various parts of the kingdom was practically prohibitory. For example, the lowest charge for a letter from London to Birmingham was ninepence, while the slightest enclosure raised it to eighteenpence, and a second enclosure to two shillings and threepence, though the whole missive might not weigh a quarter of an ounce. The franking system was also liable to great abuse. It was used to defeat the revenue, in consequence of the high postal charges—a mode of action which was considered quite justifiable. One individual, for instance, would communicate the state of his health by selecting certain names which were used in connection with newspaper franks. The name of a Liberal statesman would indicate robust health, and the name of a Tory statesman retrogression; so that the words "Sir Francis Burdett" would imply a vigorous condition of body, while the words "Lord Eldon" would probably have brought his brothers after him in a state of anxiety and alarm. The numerous defects and evils connected with the postal arrangements at length suggested to a native of Kidderminster, Mr. Rowland Hill, a comprehensive system of reform, which should not only include one small uniform rate of charge for the whole of the United Kingdom, but should embrace provisions for the acceleration of mails, a matter in which the Post Office was then scandalously deficient. As the jubilee of this mighty reform is now upon us, we cannot do better than briefly recapitulate the events in Rowland Hill's life, as well as the salient facts in the history of Penny Postage.

EARLY LIFE OF ROWLAND HILL.

Rowland Hill was the third son of Thomas Wright Hill, a schoolmaster, near Birmingham, several of whose children, including Matthew Davenport Hill, attained distinction. Rowland was so named after the famous preacher, Rowland Hill, of Surrey Chapel. Three or four years after his marriage the elder Mr. Hill removed to Kidderminster, and it was here that Rowland was born, on Dec. 3, 1795. The house in which he first saw the light was a freehold dwelling, which for three generations had belonged to the family. An Engraving of it appears on another page. The French War ruined the manufacture in which Mr. Hill was engaged, and, unfortunately, he was obliged to sell his home and the little property he possessed, and remove to Wolverhampton. Here he obtained employment, but his means were so small that Rowland and the other children were brought up in the stern school of poverty from their earliest years. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, in his very interesting "Life" of his uncle, Sir Rowland Hill (to which we are indebted for our facts), furnishes some graphic details of the struggles of his hero's family at this period. At the age of eleven Rowland became an assistant in his father's school, into which, with the aid of his eldest brother, Matthew, he introduced many important reforms. In about another year his own regular school education came to an end; but as he had great determination of character, and unusual powers of observation, he went on gathering knowledge unaided day by day. He paid particular attention to the study of astronomy, and lectured on this science to the boys of the school, while, at a later period, he discoursed before a Literary and Scientific Association, of which he was one of the founders. He likewise studied architecture, among other things, and learnt enough of the art to enable him to be the sole architect of a new school-house. Mechanics and trigonometry he became an adept in, and made a complete survey of Birmingham. All this time he was doing important work in the school, of which he was now chief conductor. In July 1819, however, they opened a new school-house at Edgbaston, but in little more than a year it was almost destroyed by fire. In 1821 Rowland Hill and his younger brother, Arthur, crossed over to Ireland to inspect the Edgeworth Town Assisting School, founded by the brother of Maria Edgeworth the novelist. Here the brothers found some of their own ideas strengthened. In 1822 the two brothers, Matthew and Rowland Hill, brought out their work on public education, in which plans were propounded for the government and liberal instruction of boys in large numbers. The plans were almost all Rowland's, and the composition of the work chiefly Matthew's. Their educational institution, Hazelwood School, now became famous. Jeremy Bentham placed two Greeks at Hazelwood at his own expense, and, in writing to Dr. Parr, he spoke "in high terms of the system, saying that it had caused him to throw aside all he had done himself." The system pursued was liberal and comprehensive, yet also severe and exact. Wilberforce and Grote visited the school, and among others interested in Hazelwood—not a few of whom sent pupils there—were Lords Lansdowne and Clarendon, Sir George Napier, Brougham, De Quincey, Roscoe, Malthus, Joseph Hume, Nassau Senior, Robert Owen, W. J. Fox, Basil Hall, Babbage, and Lardner.

BRUCE CASTLE, TOTTENHAM.

Rowland Hill's health seriously broke down in 1825, and he had to undergo several severe operations for carbuncle, which he bore with conspicuous fortitude. Fortunately he recovered, and the school did not suffer, the boys rising to 150 in 1826, at which time Rugby did not number so many. But about this period Rowland Hill conceived a scheme for the establishment of a metropolitan school on the same principles as Hazelwood. After diligent search he found a building suitable for his purpose in Bruce Castle, Tottenham, a fine old mansion of considerable antiquity. To this beautiful home he brought, in 1826, his bride, the daughter of Mr. Joseph Pearson, a Wolverhampton manufacturer. For six years they remained at Bruce Castle, Mrs. Hill helping her husband diligently in his great work. She had such force of character that a friend, on hearing some one describe Rowland Hill as the "Father of Penny Postage," quaintly remarked, "Then I know who was its Mother. It was his wife."

THE AUSTRALIAN COMMISSION.

Four brothers jointly managed the two schools, Bruce Castle and Hazelwood. For some time all went well, but a "check in the tide of success ensued," which was in a great measure due to the failure of Rowland Hill's health. He now desired to be

free from the school, and, as all his brothers save one were of the same mind, it was relinquished. Being free from constant and laborious duty, Rowland Hill turned into fresh grooves, and became deeply interested in Mr. E. G. Wakefield's scheme for the colonisation of South Australia. Hill was appointed Secretary to the Commissioners named by Parliament for the execution of the scheme. In the spare time that he could secure as the moving spirit of a new and active Commission, he invented a printing-press, and devised his great scheme of Postal Reform. He and his family likewise contemplated a plan for the establishment of a social community. Rowland's youngest surviving brother was a man of like energy with himself, and shortly after he had been appointed First Inspector of Prisons in Scotland he had thoroughly reformed them, and made them a model for the whole kingdom.

HILL'S DIFFICULTIES.

To justify himself in the eyes of posterity, Rowland Hill drew up, in 1871, a "History of the Penny Postage," which is incorporated in Dr. Birkbeck Hill's biography. He naturally desired that the public should have so much of detail as would distinctly set forth the authorship, execution, and administration of the chief postal reforms effected during the previous thirty years. And a marvellous story it is that he thus left behind him. The author of one of the greatest boons ever conferred upon a community had much to go through. He suffered from detraction and injustice; his conclusions were ridiculed and his success denied; and when at length the latter was incontestable, the origination of his plan was claimed by others. He was dismissed from office without recompense by Sir Robert Peel; the progress of his work was long and pertinaciously thwarted; and he was charged with proceedings for which, of all men, he was furthest from being responsible. It was therefore natural and just that he should prepare a statement and a defence which could be read after his death.

FIRST IDEAS OF POSTAL REFORM.

At a very early age Rowland Hill thought that locomotion might be greatly accelerated in the conveyance of the mails; and in 1826 he first conceived the idea of a travelling post office. In a memorandum bearing date Jan. 11, 1830, he suggested the feasibility of conveying the mails through tubes by atmospheric means, but this remained a crude and unpublished conception. A few years later he demonstrated that the Post Office revenue was not increasing with the growth of population: on the contrary, it was going back, which was the best possible commentary on the extravagant charges for the conveyance of letters. There was a prodigious variety of rates, extending on single inland letters alone to upwards of forty, and he considered these ought to be simplified, as well as a system of prepayment adopted, which would save a vast amount of labour. As the result of further investigations, he found—first, that the cost of conveying a letter between post town and post town was exceedingly small; secondly, that it had but little relation to distance; and, thirdly, that it depended much upon the number of letters conveyed by the particular mail. The cost per letter would diminish with every increase in numbers; and hence he came to the grand and important conclusion that the rates of postage should be irrespective of distance: and this was the basis of the plan which has made so great a revolution in postal affairs.

At this period there were districts in England as large as the county of Middlesex, in which the postman had never set his foot. Mr. Hill sought to alter all that; and he was convinced that there ought to be no difficulty in establishing one uniform rate of a penny per letter by which there should be, at least, one delivery per day in every large village throughout the kingdom. He welcomed all labourers in the cause of reform, and paid a high tribute to Mr. Wallace, member for Greenock, who in 1833 began a course of bold criticism on the proceedings of the Post Office, and was in the field more than two years before Rowland Hill himself began his investigations. In January 1837 Hill published his famous pamphlet headed "Post Office Reform," in which he expounded his views upon a penny postage, and dealt with the question of minimum and maximum weights, and also with the advisability of prepayment and the use of stamped covers, &c. The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Spring Rice) at first seemed to give some encouragement to the scheme, but eventually the Government did nothing. The public and the Press were next appealed to. The London Court of Common Council petitioned Parliament in favour of the scheme, and meetings were held in the country with the same object. Meanwhile, everybody complained of the gross anomalies connected with the Post Office, of which one example here may suffice. If two letters were put in the proper district receiving-houses in London between five and six o'clock in the evening, one addressed to Highgate, the other to Wolverhampton—which lay 120 miles farther on the same route—the Highgate letter was received last. Yet the Government were taking credit to themselves for the announcement that henceforth postage on letters to the Mediterranean would be at the rate of *only ten shillings* per ounce! The Earl of Lichfield was Postmaster-General at this juncture. Mr. Hill's plan so rapidly gained the support of the public, that in ten months from the first appearance of his pamphlet Parliament appointed a Special Committee to inquire into the feasibility of the proposed reforms. Meantime, a Governmental Commission for Post Office



BIRTHPLACE OF SIR ROWLAND HILL, AT KIDDERMINSTER.



BRUCE CASTLE, TOTTENHAM, WHERE SIR ROWLAND HILL ESTABLISHED THE SCHOOL.



STATUE OF SIR ROWLAND HILL, BEHIND THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.

inquiry had reported favourably—that is, as far as giving a trial to the scheme, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared it to be inexpedient to try the experiment of Mr. Hill's plan to the full extent that had been proposed. He would only try the issue of stamp covers for the short distances, and reduce the fourpenny post to twopence. As Lord Brougham said, no one could pretend that this was a trial of Mr. Hill's plan, whatever the result might be.

THE QUESTION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Hope deferred almost drove the great postal reformer into despair. But, fortunately for him, he had a splendid cause, and one in which the people at large were deeply interested. Accordingly, the Parliamentary Committee, which sat in 1838, after taking voluminous evidence, reported in favour of the plan. On all important points the Committee gave to Mr. Hill's statements and conclusions the sanction of its powerful authority. It is true that a twopenny rate was, as a matter of form, recommended, but the penny rate was the one really suggested for adoption in the report. The country was now eager for the Government to take action, and a remarkable scene was witnessed in the House of Commons on March 23, 1839. The Speaker having desired all honourable members who had petitions to present on penny postage to bring them up to the table, there was instantly a great rush of members from both sections of the House, who "advanced in a crowd to present them, amid cheering on all sides." The petitions on the subject in the course of six days amounted to 215. Early in May the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, received a deputation on the subject, in which were comprised about 150 members of Parliament, chiefly supporters of the Government. The principal speakers were Messrs. Warburton, O'Connell, Hume, and Moffatt. Mr. Warburton's allusion to the just expectation of this important measure being conceded by a Liberal Government was loudly cheered. The Prime Minister was courteous and encouraging in his demeanour; and, in the end, the Ministry accepted the scheme for a penny postage. Lord John Russell subsequently wrote in his "Recollections" that "the Cabinet was unanimous in favour of the ingenious and popular plan of a penny postage; but they ought to have enacted at the same time such measures as would have secured a revenue sufficient to

defray the national expenditure." The deficit which ensued for three years exposed the Government to the powerful reproaches of Sir Robert Peel, and this was one of the causes that led to a change of Administration.

ESTABLISHMENT OF PENNY POSTAGE.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in bringing forward his Budget in July, proposed the adoption of uniform penny postage. It was a measure, he said, which imperilled a revenue of a million and a half; but all ranks and classes of the community demanded it. After several discussions, the Report on the Postage Acts was carried by 215 to 113 votes. But, while secure in the Commons, there was still the House of Lords to consider. The Duke of Wellington was a powerful personage with the Peers, and Mr. Hill wrote to him, briefly explaining that, although the revenue might temporarily suffer by the adoption of penny postage, it must ultimately gain very

largely. The Duke did not reply by letter, but he rendered the scheme the best of all support he could give by voting for it. On the day after the second reading of the Bill in the Commons, the public anxiety relative to the House of Lords showed itself in a petition "signed by the Lord Mayor and upwards of 12,500 of the merchants of the City of London, which, the noble Lord who presented the petition understood, had been signed in twelve hours," praying that no deficiency of revenue might delay the establishment of penny postage. The number of petitions presented to Parliament in favour of penny postage during the single Session of 1839 was upwards of 2000, the number of appended signatures being about 250,000; but, as many of the petitions proceeded from town councils, chambers of commerce, and other such corporations, a single signature in many instances represented a considerable number of persons.

Before the Bill came on in the Lords Mr. Hill had an interview with Lord Melbourne, which has its humorous side. Mr. Hill having occasion to speak of the services of Mr. Warburton, Lord Melbourne interrupted him with, "Warburton! Warburton! He's one of your moral force men, isn't he?" Hill replied that he certainly believed Mr. Warburton's hopes of improvement rested more on moral than on physical force. "Well," the Premier rejoined, "I can understand your physical force men, but as to your moral force men I'll be d—d if I know what they mean!" During the interview an important visitor arrived, and Lord Melbourne went to see him in an adjoining room, whence there soon proceeded the echoes of angry tones. Lord Duncannon told Mr. Hill that the new arrival was Lord Lichfield, the Postmaster-General; and sure enough it was. When the Premier returned, he said, "Lichfield has been here. I can't think why a man can't talk of penny postage without going into a passion."

In the House of Lords, on Aug. 5, Lord Melbourne proposed the second reading of the Penny Postage Bill. He made a long and comprehensive speech, and justified the course of the Government mainly on the ground of the very general feeling and concurrence of all parties in favour of the plan. The Bill was read without a division, and the third reading taken even without a debate. It received the Royal assent on Aug. 17.

"Thus," writes Mr. Hill, "in little more than three years from the time when I entered seriously upon my investigations, and in little more than two years and a half from my first application to Government, this measure—so bold in its innovation and paradoxical in its policy as to be met in the outset with the ridicule and scorn of those to whom the public naturally looked as best qualified by position to judge of its value—had become law." Harriet Martineau, in her "Autobiography," speaks of the feeling of scepticism which prevailed in many quarters on the subject of penny postage. She had great faith in the scheme from the first, and so "used to tell some conceited and shallow members and adherents of the Whig Government, whose flippancy, haughtiness, and ignorance about a matter of such transcendent importance tried her temper exceedingly." Even Sydney Smith was so unlike himself on this occasion as to talk and write of "this nonsense of a penny postage"; and Lord Montague, with entire complacency, used to smile it down at evening parties, and lift his eyebrows at the credulity of the world which could suppose that a scheme so wild could ever be tried.

CARRYING OUT THE SCHEME.

When the scheme was passed, the general opinion indicated Mr. Hill as the proper person by whom it should be carried out. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Francis Baring, sent for him, but merely offered him the salary of £500 he was already receiving (with the hope of more) from the South Australian office, while the engagement was to last for two years only. This miserable offer was subsequently raised to £1000 per annum; but Mr. Hill replied that while he was quite willing to give his services gratuitously, or to postpone the question of remuneration until the experiment had been tried, he could not consent to enter upon the undertaking with a position in any way inferior to that of the Secretary to the Post Office. This was obviously just, seeing that he had to reorganise an institution whose heads were hostile to him. In the end, Mr. Hill accepted the appointment, at £1500 per annum, for two years, with responsibility only to the Treasury for his actions. His position, however, conferred upon him no authority whatever; yet, notwithstanding this, he soon made great improvements. Finally, by arrangement with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Jan. 10, 1840, was fixed upon as the day when penny postage should be established throughout the whole kingdom. Among other reforms effected was the abolition of the privilege of franking, the Queen graciously leading the way by submitting her letters to the same rule as those of her humblest subject. The scene at the General Post Office on the day when the new law came into operation was most exciting, the place being quite besieged by people prepaying their letters. The number of letters dispatched on the first day was 112,000, which far exceeded all expectation. Notwithstanding the crush and inconvenience, three hearty cheers were given in the great hall for Rowland Hill, followed by three cheers for the officers of the department.

THE MULREADY ENVELOPE.

In April, the design by Mr. Mulready, R.A., for a post envelope was approved, and stamps also were selected for post office use. The Mulready envelope, however, brought so much ridicule on the artist and his employers that it had to be abandoned. This step necessitated the destruction of nearly all the vast number prepared for use. A London daily journal made extremely merry over the Mulready design. After humorously describing it in detail, the writer went on to say: "With very great propriety the name of the artist is conspicuously placed in one corner, so that the public and posterity may know who is the worthy Oliver of the genius of a Rowland on this triumphant occasion. As may well be imagined, it is no common man, for the mighty effort has taxed the powers of the Royal Academy itself, if the engraved announcement of W. Mulready, R.A., in the corner may be credited. Considering the infinite drollery of the whole, the curious assortment of figures and faces, the harmonious *mélange* of elephants, mandarins' tails, Yankee beavers, naked Indians, Cherokee chiefs, with feathered tufts, shaking missionaries by the hand; casks of Virginia threatening the heads of young ladies devouring their love-letters, and the old woman in the corner, with hands uplifted, blessing Lord Lichfield and his Rowland for the saving



SIR ROWLAND HILL, THE AUTHOR OF THE PENNY POSTAGE.

grace of 11d. out of a shilling, and valuing her absent husband's calamity or death as nothing in comparison with such an economy: altogether, it may be said this is a wonderful combination of pictorial genius, after which Phiz and Cruikshank must hide their diminished heads, for they can hardly be deemed worthy now of the inferior grade of associates and aspirants for academic honours."

PRODUCTION OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

With regard to the production of the postage stamp, the Queen's head was first engraved by hand on a single matrix, the effigy being encompassed with lines too fine for any hand, or even any but the most delicate machinery to engrave. The matrix, being subsequently hardened, was employed to produce impressions on a soft steel roller of sufficient circumference to receive twelve; and this, being hardened in turn, was used, under very heavy pressure, to produce and repeat its counterpart on a steel plate, to such extent that this, when used in printing, produced at each impression 240 stamps; all this being done according to a process invented by Mr. Perkins. In this manner there were produced in the first fifteen years more than 3,000,000,000 stamps—all from the same matrix, and, of course, absolutely uniform. A second matrix was then prepared, and by a modification of the process there were printed up to July 1867 more than 7,000,000,000 stamps—thus making a grand total of considerably more than 10,000,000,000, in all of which the impression was, for every practical purpose, absolutely uniform. No forger could imitate the stamp to

be cited showing the results of the reforms which Mr. Hill inaugurated. In the year 1838, before the penny postage was introduced, the number of letters transmitted through the Post Office was 76,000,000; in 1863, the number was 642,000,000. But, besides thus assisting the industry and contributing to the comfort and happiness of the community, facility was given under the new postal system for the transmission of money in small sums from one part of the country to another. The amount of the money orders taken out in 1838 was £313,000; in 1863 it was £16,494,000. The book post likewise proved as greatly conducive to the interests of literature. The gross revenue of the Post Office increased very considerably, though additional expenditure was necessarily incurred owing to the multiplication of establishments and officers. In 1838 the gross receipts were £2,436,000; in 1863 they were £3,870,000; showing that Sir R. Hill was perfectly right in anticipating that at no distant period the receipts of the Post Office would recover from the diminution which the first introduction of his plan naturally produced. Upon all the figures given above of course a great augmentation has taken place since 1863, while additional reforms have been continually adopted.

ROWLAND HILL'S LATER CAREER.

Rowland Hill's subsequent career was a very useful and a very honourable one. In 1843 he was made, first a Director, and later Chairman, of the Brighton Railway. In this capacity he exhibited all his old energy and originality, and it was he who started the first excursion train and the first express. These would be no mean titles to the gratitude of his countrymen, even without his Post Office record. But the time soon came when his services were required in the groove in which he first attained distinction. In 1846 he was appointed Secretary to the Postmaster-General, and in 1854 Chief Secretary, in the room of Colonel Maberly. He was knighted in 1860, being created a K.C.B., in acknowledgment of his services at the Post Office. Mr. Gladstone was one of his warmest friends and admirers, and in 1864—during the time of Lord Palmerston's Ministry, in which Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer—he proved his friendship in divers ways. Rowland Hill was obliged to retire at this period from the public service on account of ill-health; and the Treasury, in a highly complimentary minute, declared the entire success of his plans, and awarded him for life his full salary of £2000 per annum. In June 1864 Lord Palmerston proposed, in the House of Commons, a Royal grant of £20,000 to Sir Rowland Hill. The noble Lord said that Sir Rowland was a man of great genius, great sagacity, and great perseverance and industry, and he had rendered inestimable services to this and other countries. But independently of the benefits which his plan



FACSIMILE OF THE MULREADY ENVELOPE, DESIGNED FOR THE PENNY POST.

any remunerative extent without being inevitably detected.

DISMISSAL OF ROWLAND HILL.

Hill's difficulties, even with his plan in operation, were very great. Many desired to see the scheme fail, and the success at first was not so great as had been anticipated, while the necessary changes involved an increase in expenditure. A third year was added to his official term, in order that he might carry on his valuable work, and his footing seemed about to become permanently secure, when a change of Government took place. Hill was dismissed by the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Goulburn, whose action was indorsed by Sir Robert Peel, and the dismissal was to take effect from September 1842. The ostensible ground put forward was that his services—the value of which Government fully acknowledged—were no longer required. Great sympathy was expressed for Mr. Hill on all hands, Cobden, Brougham, and others taking up the matter. Thomas Hood, the poet, wittily wrote to Hill: "I have seen so many instances of folly and ingratitude similar to those you have met with, that it would never surprise me to hear of the railway people some day, finding their trains running on so well, proposing to discharge the engines." Various motions were brought forward in Parliament without any practical result; but the public, justly considering Mr. Hill to be very badly used, rewarded him in 1846 by subscribing a pecuniary testimonial of the value of £13,360.

POST OFFICE STATISTICS.

A few facts may here



1. Camped for the Night.

2. A Strange Nightcap, for Protection against Natives.

3. Crossing the Cooper River, near Windora.

4. The Settler's Altar: The Rain Gauge.

5. A Stockman's Grave in the Bush.

6. Just in Time; Man Dying of Thirst at a Dry Water-hole.

A RIDE ACROSS AUSTRALIA.—SKETCHES BY MR. A. J. VOGAN.

had conferred upon the general interests and prosperity of the country, he had the merit of having conferred a great boon upon the labouring and poorer classes of the people, which would of itself entitle him to any mark and approbation and reward the House might be disposed to confer upon him. The motion was carried without a division, and Lord Granville undertook charge of it in the House of Lords. Writing afterwards to Mr. Gladstone, Sir Rowland Hill said: "While I have written to Lord Palmerston and Lord Granville to thank them for the favour they have publicly shown me, I cannot but feel that my chief acknowledgments for the very handsome and gratifying manner in which my services have been recognised must be due to yourself, who, from first to last, have lent me your powerful aid in my efforts to perform the duties committed to me, and have given to all my suggestions and representations a kind, candid, and careful consideration." The money grant of £20,000 was accepted by Sir Rowland and Lady Hill as being the best form in which a gift could be made that should be beneficial to their children.

On June 9, 1864, Sir Rowland Hill received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, the undergraduates being most enthusiastic in their plaudits when his name was called. Before the month closed he had also the honour of receiving the first Albert Gold Medal of the Society of Arts from the hands of the Prince of Wales. I cannot omit mention here of the valuable services which Sir Rowland's brother Mr. Frederic Hill rendered at a later date to the Post Office.

After his retirement, Sir Rowland Hill took a deep interest in public affairs, and was not altogether idle; but his life's work had been practically accomplished when he left the Post Office. Nevertheless, as a member of the Royal Commission on Railways he did good service, and he also set himself to the compilation of his "History of the Penny Postage." He further attended the meetings of the Political Economy Club. As an example of the ruling passion, he questioned Garibaldi when he was in England on the subject of Italian penny postage. This caused Mr. M. D. Hill to write to him, "When you go to heaven, I foresee that you will stop at the gate to inquire of St. Peter how many deliveries they have per day." At the very close of his life, the City of London conferred its freedom upon Sir Rowland Hill. He was far too weak to attend at the Guildhall, and a deputation was appointed to wait upon him at his residence. He was much moved during the City Chamberlain's address, and the tears coursed down his venerable face. It was something for the first city in the world thus to acknowledge his efforts. The old man died on Aug. 27, 1879, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Dr. Hill states that it had been his hope that his countrymen would not think him unworthy of sepulture in Westminster Abbey; "and it was with singular agreement that the voice of the people awarded to him this last great honour which we Englishmen render to our famous dead." He was laid to rest in the ancient Abbey beneath the statue of Watt. A bronze statue of him was afterwards placed behind the Royal Exchange.

The life and services of Rowland Hill furnish another illustration of the innate strength of the British character, with its indomitable energy, courage, and perseverance; and they also show that there is no station of life from which a man may not rise to benefit his fellow-men. Now that the unparalleled advantages of the Penny Post are universally recognised, it is well to remember our indebtedness to the author of this great reform; and it is an especially appropriate circumstance that the jubilee of penny postage should occur at this season of the year, when millions of missives are passing through the post bearing Christmas and New Year's greetings, and messages of affection between sundered relatives and friends.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

ECLIPSES IN THE YEAR 1890.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

In the year 1890 there will be two Eclipses of the Sun and one of the Moon.

June 17.—An Annular Eclipse of the Sun, visible as a Partial Eclipse from Europe. The Central Eclipse begins at 2 minutes after 8h a.m. Greenwich mean time, in longitude 32½ deg. W. of Greenwich and 5 deg. N. latitude, near the northern coast of South America, thence passes to the northern part of Africa, the southern part of the Mediterranean Sea, Turkey, Persia, India, and ends at E. longitude 101½ deg. in N. latitude 18½ deg. at 11h 50m a.m. Greenwich time. At Greenwich there will be a Partial Eclipse. It begins at 20 minutes after 8h a.m., the middle of the Eclipse will be at 23 minutes after 9h a.m., and it will end at 30 minutes after 10h a.m. At the time of greatest phase a little more than one third of the Sun's diameter will be obscured. At Liverpool the Eclipse will begin at 14 minutes after 8h a.m., the middle will be at 11 minutes after 9h a.m., and it will end at 12 minutes after 10h a.m. mean time at Liverpool. At Dublin the Eclipse begins at 8h a.m., its middle at 5 minutes to 9h a.m., and it ends at 7 minutes to 10h a.m., mean time at Dublin. At Edinburgh the Eclipse begins at 21 minutes after 8h a.m., the middle will be at 14 minutes after 9h a.m., and it ends at 10 minutes after 10h a.m., Edinburgh mean time. At the time of greatest phase, at Liverpool, Dublin, and Edinburgh, somewhat less than one third of the Sun will be obscured.

Nov. 26.—A very small Eclipse of the Moon, not visible here. It begins at 29 minutes after 1h p.m., its middle at 33 minutes after 1h p.m., and it ends at 39 minutes after 1h p.m., Greenwich mean time. At the middle of this Eclipse the Moon will be in the zenith of the place whose E. longitude is 153 deg. 40 min. and N. latitude 20 deg. 10 min.

Dec. 12.—A Total Eclipse of the Sun, not visible from Europe. The Central Eclipse begins at 33 minutes after 1h a.m. in longitude 57 deg. E. of Greenwich and S. latitude 18½ deg., near Madagascar, thence south of Australia, near New Zealand, and ends at 38 minutes after 4h a.m. Greenwich time, in the Pacific Ocean in W. longitude 165 deg. and S. latitude 26½ deg. The Eclipse will be seen in the Indian Ocean, in Australia, and in New Zealand.

The Rev. Albert Edwin Seymour, late Vicar of Bromsgrove, Worcester, has been appointed Archdeacon of Barnstaple, in the place of the Rev. H. Barnes, resigned. The latter becomes treasurer of Exeter Cathedral.

A baronetcy of the United Kingdom has been conferred upon Sir Albert Sassoon, C.S.I. Sir Albert, who is in his seventy-third year, was for a few years a member of the Legislative Council of the Governor of Bombay. He was made a Companion of the Star of India in 1866. He has also the Persian Order of the Lion and Sun. Sir Albert gave a great entertainment in honour of the Shah when he visited this country last summer.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume Ninety-Five (from July 6 to Dec. 28, 1889) of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

A RIDE ACROSS AUSTRALIA.

We publish the first of a series of Sketches, made in Central Australia by Mr. Arthur J. Vogan, during a journey which that gentleman has undertaken on behalf of the Sydney branch of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia. Mr. Vogan, whose Sketches of the Tarawera eruption in the North Island of New Zealand, in 1886, were published by us in August of that year, is exploring a part of the vast interior of Australia, which has hitherto been quite beyond the region of journalistic and artistic visitations. Starting from Sydney, the first part of the journey (500 miles) was made by railway to Bourke, a town of some importance as the terminus of the line, situated upon the Darling River; and here Mr. Vogan joined company with an "overland party" of drovers returning to a cattle-station in the "Never-Never Country," situated in lat. 24 deg. S., long. 139 deg. W., whence they had taken down a "mob" or herd of cattle to the southern markets.

In the first stage of their long journey towards the station of Sandringham (which is one of the largest in the colony of Queensland), the party got as far as the little township of Thargomindah, the dépôt of the Grey Mountains opal-mining district. The route lay for some miles over a flat sandy plain, below the level of the Darling River, till, at the Eliza Springs, thirty miles from Bourke, they encamped for the night, without a tent, in the rain. Some of them, covered with a blanket or an old sack, were sitting up by the fire; one, wrapped in a big waterproof sheet, lay on a bed of leafy boughs; the best place was under the buggy, the vehicle which carried their baggage. There was only too much water at this season. In the morning, after early breakfast and tea, they were soon in the saddle riding on, to the alarm of many flocks of birds, grey and pink cockatoos, yellow-plumed cranes, long-necked turkeys, and those lively small birds called in Australia the "Twelve Apostles." At the Paroo River, in the township of Hungerford, they passed the boundary that divides New South Wales from Queensland, and went on to Thargomindah, on the Bulloo, where there is one good building, the post-office and meteorological station, but not much of a town. The low range of the Grey Hills, where opals are found, was seen in the distance.

After this, the travellers entered the salt-bush country, which extended two hundred miles along their road, to the Cooper River. The salt-bush grows about three feet high, is of a light green colour, and, containing an appreciable amount of salt, is good for sheep and other animals. In the central regions of Australia, geologically an ancient sea-bed, are vast deposits of salt and lime, in some places gypsum and silica. Not far from Norleigh station, the evening camp was close to a native's grave, with a monument built of rough logs over the corpse, which was buried in a sitting posture. One of the party, talking of past adventures, told how he and a native black "tracker" once made search for a missing stockman, a "boundary rider," near Windora, coming upon him just in time to save his life: the poor fellow was dying of thirst beside the dried-up water-hole that he had sought; but a draught from the canvas water-bag carried by the black man restored his strength. This part of the country has often been the scene of mortal disasters to the lonely wanderer: it used to be called "the Never-Never Land," from the refrain of a dismal song, to the effect that men who went there would "never, never come back." Mr. Vogan has had personal experiences in Northern Queensland which convince him of the reality of such dangers in the dry season, especially where it may happen that no rain falls for three years; but at the time of this journey, when he approached the Cooper River great rain-storms had flooded the ground for miles, and wading through mud and swamps was intolerably irksome. Crossing the river by a ferry-punt, which is leased by the County Council to the local publican, they got some refreshments at the house, and continued their ride; the rain ceased, and the sunshine was cheering, though it brought the pest of sandflies and mosquitoes. In the shallows of this river were fishing numerous pelicans, which are seldom molested.

Windora, the last station possessing a post-office and telegraph-office, was soon reached, beyond which the country to the west was of wilder aspect. At Canterbury, sixty miles farther, there is only a mud-walled hotel, with the "J. C." store and hotel, deriving its name from the initials of Jem Costello, its first occupier, having been carved on the bark of a tree. To the east of this place is a striking range of sandstone rocks, which Mr. Vogan would name the Costello Range. His farther route was past the fine station of Morney, on the Congabulla Creek, and the Monteiro station, on the Diamantina River, to St. Albans, and then into the famous sand-hill land, which extends a hundred miles northward and three hundred east, with innumerable parallel ridges of loose siliceous sand, all lying in one direction, piled up by the prevalent south-east winds, and covered with spinifex, cane-grass, and other such plants. The valleys lying between bear grass that is good for sheep or cattle. In this region was the grave of an unfortunate stockman who was slain by the natives in 1875: his name is scratched on the top of a kerosene tin suspended above the grave. The tale of his violent death so much affected the mind of one of the present travellers that, in lying down to sleep at night, he would cover his head with a bucket, as a protection against the sudden blow of a marauding black man's club. Then, passing the Cluny station, at the junction of Herbert's with King's Creek, they arrived at Sandringham and the township of Bidura, having been six weeks on their journey from Bourke, a distance of nine hundred miles.

It appears, from the fifteenth edition of the "Classified List of Metropolitan Charities," that the approximate income of 1027 religious, philanthropic, and charitable societies and institutions in London—including hospitals and dispensaries, church and chapel building funds, home and foreign missions, orphanages and homes, Bible and tract societies—amounted last year to the respectable total of £5,063,137.

"The Post-Office London Directory" for the year 1890 is a solid volume of nearly 2800 pages of closely printed names, trades, and addresses, besides some 300 pages of advertisements; the thickest and fullest book in the world, the London Annual of Messrs. Kelly and Co., in its ninety-first year of publication; and the nineteenth century, when its tale shall be completed, will bequeath to posterity no more wonderful literary memorial of this "Age of Great Cities." We venture, indeed, to hope, in no spirit of local or national boastfulness, that there will never be any city quite so big as London, the extent of which is a social inconvenience, though mitigated by cheap and ready facilities of going about, railways, tramways, omnibuses, and cabs, without which four or five millions of people, nominally forming one community, would suffer absolute congestion. Messrs. Kelly and Co., by furnishing this bulky volume with its amazing contents, render us all the indispensable service of telling us where everybody lives, and what he does, or professes to do, with such accuracy and completeness as the public confidence in its punctual guidance has attested from the beginning of this useful work. The Map alone is one of great utility.

NEW BOOKS.

From London to Bokhara and a Ride through Persia. By Colonel A. Le Messurier, R.E. (R. Bentley and Son.)—It would seem that the recent changes in Central Asia must be of some interest to the public, or publishers believe that such is the case. There is one mystery connected with Colonel Le Messurier's travels—why he was permitted to pass over the Transcaspian line of railway, and to inspect everything, when other Europeans, particularly Englishmen, have been interdicted from doing so. Colonel Le Messurier is an Engineer, and an officer of some note in India: he was just the man to examine every detail, and report it to the Indian authorities. Yet, without the slightest difficulty, he received his permission; and to facilitate his purpose an officer was appointed to go with him. General Komaroff fêted him at Askhabad; Alikhanoff showed him every attention at Merv; and General Annenkov was particularly obliging to him on the Oxus. If an able and observant officer of the Royal Engineers is treated in this way, why is anyone else prevented from visiting Transcaspia, and having a trip on its railway? The question is not apparently solved. This Engineer officer certainly has not been prohibited from making notes, for his book is full of details about the railway, and in this respect is valuable. The capacity of the line for the transport of troops is not overlooked. The line was only then being made from the Oxus to Bokhara at the time of the author's visit, and this part of the route had to be gone over in a "drogi," drawn by three horses. Mr. Curzon was taken the whole way to "Bokhara the Noble" by train, so his visit must have been later than Colonel Le Messurier's. There is one matter in Colonel Le Messurier's book which will interest Indian readers. It is an account he gives of Stoddart and Conolly's fate: this is much more full of details than any that has yet appeared. A list is also given of other victims who suffered at or about the same time. Of the five Englishmen said to have been executed at Jehar-joo, or Chardjui, one would like to know more. Both Mr. Curzon and Colonel Le Messurier make allusions to the old beds of the Oxus, but seem to have forgotten that the great authority on this point has been Sir Henry Rawlinson, whose paper on this subject is one of the most able and brilliant contributions that has been made in geographical science. In the table of heights given from a Russian authority, by Colonel Le Messurier, the Sea of Aral is stated to be 243 ft. above the Caspian. This is important, as not long ago Rawlinson's theory had been condemned, because a Russian engineer had declared that the Caspian was higher than the Aral Sea. Colonel Le Messurier was on his return to India, and took in Bokhara on the way. After leaving that place, he had to ride through Persia to the Persian Gulf, and there took boat to Bombay. This, of course, is not so interesting as the Central Asian part of the journey; but even here a careful reader may find things worthy of note. As an instance, it may be new to many that the process by which Russian leather is made was borrowed from Persia. The whole book is very pleasant reading. The genial nature of the author comes out when he arrives at Teheran. He lived there with a friend, and describes his position in a charming sentence by saying: "There is a baby in the house, so I am quite happy."

The Bible and Modern Discoveries. By H. A. Harper. (Palestine Exploration Fund.)—Most of the books produced by this society were intended rather for the scholar and student than for the general reader; but this one has been written in a more popular style. When the Palestine Exploration Fund had completed "Twenty-one Years' Work," Mr. Walter Besant wrote a small book with that title, to give a brief account of what the fund had accomplished during that period. The demand for this was constant, and new editions of it had to be printed. With this experience, it was thought a good thing to publish a larger book of the same kind. This is explained in an introduction written by Mr. Walter Besant, honorary secretary to the fund. Mr. Harper has been twice in the Holy Land, not as a mere tourist, but as an artist going slowly through the country, and stopping to sketch various places of interest. He is one of the executive committee of the fund, and is consequently well posted up in all the discoveries that have been made. With these qualifications he could well undertake the task of writing such a book. He begins by stating that he writes for "those who love the Bible." He carries his mode of treatment through the various portions of the sacred text, showing how the discoveries made by the explorations have thrown light on many parts of the Bible. This he has done in a very able manner, and with an earnestness of purpose which will be attractive to most readers. The book is well illustrated, and has a good map, so that everything can be easily followed.

Palestine. By Major Conder, R.E.—The publishers, Messrs. George Smith and Son, have begun the production of an interesting series of books, entitled "The World's Great Explorers and Explorations," and this volume is the first. Major Conder was sent out to survey Western Palestine for the Palestine Exploration Fund. The result has been the production of a perfect map of that region about ten or twelve feet in size, in which every town and village is put down most accurately as to their latitude and longitude, which was not the case with previous maps. To carry out this work, a list of names was collected, by means of which a large number of places mentioned in the Bible have been identified. Mr. Walter Besant has lately stated that "Conder alone has rescued from oblivion more ancient sites than all other travellers put together." A large amount of knowledge of an archaeological character was gathered, and has also been published by the Palestine Exploration Fund. This has been a great work, and Major Conder's name will always be connected with it in future. In the performance of it, he was six years in the country, and may be said to have made himself familiar with every inch of ground. His labour was not confined to that of surveying: he studied the languages, folklore, manners and customs of the various races, and has also made himself well acquainted with previous literature regarding the Holy Land. This wide and varied knowledge places Major Conder in the first rank among the authorities on Palestine. Although the country was not revisited by travellers, the exploration was not carried on without some danger. There were wild Bedawin thieving tribes to be watched and guarded against, and if any conflict had taken place, and if blood were spilt, all chance of carrying on the work would have been at an end. Major Conder, by great tact, managed to keep clear of these difficulties, but the party had for a time to retire. Disease from unhealthy localities was another danger: this carried off Mr. C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake, who, as he acted as a volunteer, may be looked upon as one of the martyrs of Palestine Exploration. In this book Major Conder gives a very good account of his work, and supplies a large amount of information about Palestine, and various questions connected with its archaeology, interesting to many readers.

The sittings of the Scottish Universities Commission, of which Lord Kinnear is chairman, commenced at Edinburgh on Jan. 6.

A GAS-STOKING MACHINE.

The machines used at the works of the South Metropolitan Gas Company in the Old Kent-road, for gas-stoking, instead of hand labour, are set in action by air-pressure, which is generated by means of an engine below the retort-house floor. The air, under a pressure of about 80 lb. per square inch, is conveyed to the machines by flexible pipes of indiarubber, which wind upon a drum carried on each of the machines. These being two in number, for the separate operations of withdrawing the coke from the retorts and refilling with coal, are known respectively as the "Rake" and the "Charger." By means of the "rake" a man is enabled, by simply raising a lever, to drive the tool backwards and forwards, without approaching near to the source of heat. The "charger" is a more elaborate instrument, and carries on the top a "hopper," which is from time to time filled with coal. Under this hopper, and travelling upon guides, is the "scoop," which having been filled with coal, by simply opening a door at the bottom of the hopper, is rapidly driven forward into the retort, discharged of its contents, and withdrawn, all by the action of hand-levers, without any lifting of the coal by hand, the man actuating the machine having all within his reach, and standing on a platform at the back of the machine.

The machines were constructed by West's Gas Improvement Company, of Manchester, and were designed more with the object of lightening the somewhat arduous labour of hand-stoking than of economy: they have, however, proved quite as economical as handwork, and, as the cost of the latter has a tendency to increase, the economy of the machines becomes greater, so that there is a probability of the use of machines being extended.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

RETROSPECTIVE.

Sitting the other night in the stalls at a certain theatre which shall be nameless, I had for my neighbour a portly old gentleman, who had seen probably some seventy summers or thereabouts, and who, with myself, was enjoying a fine, full-flavoured melodrama of the good old type. There was (as usual) the wicked squire, and the stalwart hero (in humble life); there was the squire's henchman and emissary ready (as of old) to carry out his patron's unjust commands; there was the virtuous village maiden (only she looked forty perhaps when seen through an opera-glass); and, finally, there were the comic lovers dear to pit and gallery—the male jealous to distraction, and his sweetheart flippant and pert as a comic lover should be. "Sir," said the old gentleman to me, "this is something like a play"; and in the course of a natural adjournment (between the acts) he repeated his sentiment. I ventured to suggest that the drama was founded on lines which had become ultra-familiar, and that they understood the art of doing these things much better in France. I was proceeding to prove my words by quoting cases, as the lawyers say, when my elderly friend broke in with "France be blowed, Sir! Give me the drama of my young days, that's good enough for English folks like me!" Argument was useless. We returned to our stalls, and when the curtain fell (the villain was duly handcuffed, for the gallery likes to hear the snap of the fetters, and "everybody lived happily ever after") my friend said, "Remember, Sir, when you are as old as I am, you'll enjoy, like me, the drama of your young days—and I wish you may get it," added he. "Good night!"

My elderly friend's views about the excellence of the

dramas of his youth set me a-thinking as I walked homewards. There is great good in retrospection, just as there is an admirable service often rendered us by introspection; but, whatever may be said of our sighs for the amusements of our young days, it cannot at least be maintained that in things scientific we use our retrospective powers with something akin to regret. I suppose the beginning of the year renders such thoughts natural to us. It is a kind of stock-taking period, this, with most of us, and we are all given to make up our mental accounts anew from the year's commencement. In science, if we think of balancing matters, or at least of seeing how we stand as regards progress and advance, it is morally certain not even my venerable friend would sigh for his youthful days. He may long for his fine old melodrama, but I question whether he grows because he cannot travel to York on a stage-coach—albeit he may in the summer still make excursions to Brighton and elsewhere from Hatchett's Hotel in a four-in-hand. He may disapprove of the modern play and its elaborate mounting, but I am more than sure he would not desire the days when the penny post was unknown, or when Wheatstone had not as yet discovered how to utilise electricity in the service of man. He may think highly of the "Die, villain! I am the rightful heir!" style of things which we used to see at Richardson's Royal Theatre (front seats twopence, and a fresh performance and a new drama every half-hour as regular as, if not more so than, the suburban trains), but I know my ancient friend would scarcely like to go back to the days of penny dips and the old "Charleys," in place of being content with the electric light and the Metropolitan Police.

Things social and scientific have, in truth, made wondrous strides within the past quarter of a century, and there is not



MACHINE FOR MAKING GAS AT THE SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY'S WORKS.

a department of science in which the activity of mind and brain has not been eager, fresh, and eventful as to results. To the telegraph succeeded the telephone; then came the phonograph; and now we are looking forward to being able to see our friends hundreds of miles off by means of some kindred appliance; and to know that a telegraph without wires has been invented, ere we get as old as my friend of the theatre. What says a recent writer, think you, about these dreams and aspirations of science? Listen to his words, and then think of the heights of science to which we have climbed of late years. "It is now believed," says the writer, "that a ray of light, falling on a bar of selenium, sets up therein an electro-motive force which produces a current. On this discovery are based the photophone, which reproduces words at a distance by means of luminous rays; the artificial eye sensitive to light and to differences in colour; and the telephotograph, which is competent to telegraph silhouettes and shadows. A slender current is said to have been detected in the optic nerve of a frog when the eye was exposed to light. May there, then, be a conceivable possibility of varying the electrical wave in such manner that at some far-distant point it shall be converted into the corresponding light-wave, so that the sensitive plate in San Francisco, for example, may instantly and photographically record the event taking place in New York?"

Turn we to any other branch of science we will, and a retrospective glance teaches us how many additional years of thought and thinking we contrive now-a-days to put into a human life, in the shape of our enlarged opportunities for acquiring "sweetness and light." The germs of disease are being ferreted out by the patient microscopic work of many observers, and we are being taught how to arrest these germs,

and how to kill them, and thus to prevent their dissemination. Fevers and all the kindred diseases may thus in time come to be wiped out of existence altogether, and human life saved an infinity of pain and misery, to say nothing of expense. Surgery has now made it easy to undertake operations, with complete success, on the brain and other organs—procedures, these, which but a few years ago would have been (and were) regarded as unjustifiable in their nature. Geography is being made something approaching to an exact science by travel and discovery, and soon we shall not lie under the grave charge of having it said truly that we know more about the side of the moon that is next us, than we do about the interior of Africa. Mechanical science, retrospectively viewed, was nowhere as compared with what it is to-day. The very locomotives that hurry us up and down and over the land are being improved year by year; and we all know what has been done of late in the way of making marine engines do better work on less coal. A Forth Bridge was undreamt of until recently; and nobody knows to what that gigantic undertaking, successfully completed, may lead in its turn in the way of engineering achievements.

I do not suppose I shall meet my elderly friend of the stalls again—still, one never knows: the world is so very small, after all, and we are always rubbing shoulders with somebody or other we know. If I do, I shall "have it out with him," as the phrase runs, about this craze of our old fogies in thinking (as they do) either that their dramas or anything else were better than ours. Doubtless they lived more peacefully than we do. It is a rush and a clatter, this modern existence, I admit; but it has its gains and its excellences over the past. At this New Year season it is well that, like travellers about to enter on a new bit of the road, we should halt a while and,

like the old Greek "sceptic" (literally translated), look back intently over the way we have travelled, and realise our position, "shading the eyes with the hand" that we may the more clearly see.

ANDREW WILSON.

During the past year 24,134 stray dogs were captured in the streets of London by the police and conveyed to the home at Battersea.

Mr. E. Stanhope, Secretary for War, has contributed £100 to the fund for the equipment of Volunteers in Lincolnshire, in which county Revesby Abbey, his country residence, is situated.

The life-boats of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution did excellent work during the past year, resulting in the rescue from the peril of death by drowning, and in the majority of instances from death itself, of as many as 408 persons. In addition to this the life-boat crews were the means of preserving a vast amount of property, including assisting to save, or absolutely saving, seventeen vessels from destruction. Besides the launches resulting in the saving of life or property, the life-boats went out 141 times in response either to signals of distress or what were supposed to be such, only to find that the vessels were either out of danger or that incorrect signals had been made. During the year the institution also granted rewards for the saving of 207 lives by means of shore-boats, fishing-boats, or by other means, so that the committee bestowed rewards in 1889 for the saving of 615 lives, making a grand total of 34,658 lives for the saving of which the society has granted rewards since its establishment in 1824. Every effort is made by the committee to maintain the life-boat service in the highest state of efficiency.

OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

This year's winter exhibition has, perhaps, more distinctive features than many of its predecessors. Lord Ashburton has contributed a remarkable number of first-rate Dutch and Flemish pictures from his almost unrivalled collection; the Spanish school, especially Velasquez, is represented in more than usual numbers; and Lords Townshend and Suffolk have together furnished the whole of one room with full-length portraits mostly relating to the Tudor period; while two English clergymen, the Rev. B. Gibbons and the Rev. W. C. Randolph, contribute a widely extending series of English pictures, embracing specimens by almost all the most noteworthy names of past days. The Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Carlisle, Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, and Mr. Charles T. D. Crews are among others who have generously responded to the appeal made by the Council of the Royal Academy.

The first room is, as usual, devoted to the works of deceased artists of the English school, among whom Romney is most numerous as well as strongly represented. The portrait of the Marchioness of Hertford (13), almost childlike in her simplicity of dress and expression, will attract immediate attention. Whether Maria Fagniani, who afterwards became Lady Hertford, was the daughter of the Duke of Queensberry or of the famous George Selwyn will, perhaps, be never cleared up. Both left her large sums of money, and the devotion of Selwyn to her during the latter years of his life is one of the most redeeming features of his character. In the full-length portraits of Mrs. Curwen (9) and her husband, J. C. Curwen (20), Romney shows that he can at times rise to dignity in the treatment of both men and women. Mr. Curwen, who was member of Parliament for Carlisle, and the author of some "Travels in Ireland," is chiefly remembered as having driven Burke home from the House of Commons on the night of his quarrel with Fox; Burke not discovering until he nearly reached his house that his obliging friend shared Fox's views. Another admirable pair of portraits are those of Mr. Chaplin of Blankney (41), M.P. for Lincolnshire in the last century, and of his wife (45), an exceedingly beautiful woman, to whom Romney has only done justice; while the unfinished head of Mrs. Payne-Gallwey (1) shows that he could combine the delicacy and the firmness of Reynolds in his slighter work. It is to be regretted that Gainsborough's most important portrait in this room should also be unfinished; but with a little effort it might pass as a monochrome. It is the picture generally known as "The Housemaid" (3), being, in truth, a portrait of Miss Graham, afterwards Lady Lynedoch. She is represented full length, standing in a doorway holding a broom. The attitude is charming, but the head is set on the neck, and the neck on the shoulders, very much after the manner of "Turk's-head" on a broomstick. It may be hoped that, in finishing the picture, Gainsborough would have amended this part of his work—for the defect is too glaring to escape any eyes but those prejudiced to see no fault in their hero. Close by are three really admirable little landscapes (4-6), which probably belong to an early period of Gainsborough's career, when he was fresh from Norfolk and the influences of the place and its teaching. Reynolds's most noteworthy work in this room is the portrait of Miss Fanny Kemble (49), who afterwards became Mrs. Francis Twiss. She was a younger sister of Mrs. Siddons, and, although supported by the prestige of the family name, made but slight impression on the public as an actress. William Stirling (17) represents a typical country gentleman in a blue coat, but with a some-

thing in the face which does not remind us of Reynolds's work, although it is ascribed to him. If Sir William Beechey's object in painting the Prince of Wales (30) had been to obtain the Royal favour, he could not have made a more flattering likeness, or endowed his Royal Highness with a more benignant expression. But Turner seems to have gone almost to the opposite extreme in representing Captain Robert Williams (24), of the "Cumberland Fleet"—which subsequently became the Royal Thames Yacht Club—as a weather-beaten sailor, who had lived upon storms and salt junk for half his life. Among the other interesting pictures in this room may be mentioned the sea-pieces by Sir Augustus W. Calcott (14 and 21); "Hampstead Heath" (39), by Constable; and the still more harmonious and transparent "Vale of Stour" (58), by the same artist.

The second room is by custom devoted to the works of the Dutch and Flemish artists, and seldom has a more brilliant exhibition been seen; for out of the threescore works there are not half a dozen which will not prove attractive. The magnificent collection at Bath House, originally formed by Mr. Alexander Baring and added to by his son, Lord Ashburton, has been turned to profitable account for the benefit of those who may not have seen them in their ordinary home. Among so many gems it is difficult to make a selection. The portrait of Van Coppenol (66), sometimes called Rembrandt's "Writing-master," on account of the pen and paper which are introduced into the picture, is beautifully painted, and was originally one of the most treasured works in the gallery of Prince Lucien Bonaparte. The portraits of the old man (69) and his wife (76), painted in a much lighter style, in which Rembrandt rarely indulged, are marvels in *chiaroscuro*. They were originally in the Elector's gallery at Cassel, whence they were transferred by Napoleon to Malmaison. Terburg's "Music Lesson" (72), wondrously delicate in execution; Berghem's landscape (74) known as "Le Fagot"; Backhuysen's sea-piece (90), Teniers' "Seven Acts of Mercy" (100), or rather one of the series; A. Van de Velde's "Haymakers" (115), and Jan Steen's "Skittle Players" (118), full of the soft evening twilight, all come from Talleyrand's well-known collection, and speak highly for the taste of that astute politician. But, besides these, Lord Ashburton lends many other gems, notably Metz's "Old Lady Reading" (64), in a room exquisitely lighted, and his "Lady Drawing" (116), in a scarlet jacket trimmed with ermine; Jan Steen's "Carouse" (93), of which the aerial perspective is treated in a way rarely met with in this gay roysterer's works, and which forms a fit companion to Teniers's "Village Dance" (84), painted with more than ordinary delicacy and suffused by a transparent silvery light. Mr. Humphry Ward exhibits "A Luncheon Party" (70), by Dirk Hals, which must have been intended as a caricature on the prevailing dress of the day, and the restraints imposed upon amorous swains by their own and their mistresses' ruffs. The little "Adoration of the Shepherd" (63) by Dietrich is treated in the thoroughly human Flemish way—not altogether devoid of devotion, but scarcely calculated to raise the mind of the spectator. The portrait (91) by Cuyt, which has been held by some to be that of the painter himself, is almost Rembrandt-like in its treatment of the light, but it is wanting in that master's transparent flesh-tints. The Queen's loan is, as usual, limited to three works, all from the Buckingham Palace collection. The most noteworthy is an interior (113) by Adrian Van Ostade, somewhat low in tone, but with a remarkable flood of light entering from the side, and showing a pleasant family scene. The other Dutch work from the same source is by David Teniers,

"A Woman Peeling Turnips" (103)—the interior of a large kitchen, well supplied with vegetables of all kinds. It is chiefly interesting as showing what an effective composition can be made out of such prosaic materials; but, in spite of its skill, it is not a picture which one would wish to have always before one's eyes.

Of the other loan from Buckingham Palace we shall have occasion to speak on another occasion, when we shall come to the Spanish and other works included in the present exhibition.

ART JOURNALS.

The *Magazine of Art* for January contains a poem by Mr. Swinburne, entitled "Loch Torridon," illustrated by Mr. MacWhirter, A.R.A.; a clever paper by Mr. Mortimer Menpes on the art of dry-point, in which he himself is such a master; and some very interesting personal reminiscences of Jules Bastien-Lepage, the French painter, by the friend in whose arms he died, Prince Bojidar Karageorgewitch. There is also a beautiful engraving of the celebrated picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence of the Countess Gower and her daughter; and, as frontispiece, an engraving of "A Roman Boat-Race," by Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A.

The current number of the *Art Journal* opens with an article, by Mr. H. P. Robinson, on winter photography, illustrated with several reproductions of photographs of winter scenes. Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations of Sir John Suckling's "Ballad on a Wedding" are really charming; and the paper on art and culture, contributed by the Bishop of Ripon, adds interest to an otherwise full and good number. An etching by P. A. Massé, after Mr. C. N. Kennedy's picture "Neptune," exhibited in the New Gallery last year, forms a most attractive frontispiece.

A new periodical, *The Art Decorator*, published by the Electrototype Company, will be useful both to workers and amateurs. Mr. Wyke Bayliss, in his introductory notice, explains that it is an English edition of the German "Dekorative Vorbilder," six parts of which have already been issued at Stuttgart, and have found approval in France and Italy, as well as in Germany. It presents designs, copied from the works of the best artists, old and modern, the forms of which are capable of being applied to mural decoration, tapestry, illumination of manuscripts, ornamental book-binding, inlaid work, repoussé, modelling, wood-carving, or other artistic ornamentation. Five or six plates are given in the first part, including two allegorical figures, "Music" and "Painting"; a fine "Bramble" with a gorgeous butterfly; and some pretty designs for ecclesiastical decoration, all which are coloured; besides elaborate designs of French Renaissance and other styles worthy of study.

In All Saints Church, Woodford Wells, Essex, on Jan. 2, the Hon. Lancelot Douglas Carnegie, second son of the Earl of Southesk, was married to Miss Marion Alice de Gournay Barclay, youngest daughter of Mr. Henry Ford Barclay of Monkham, Essex. Lord Carnegie, eldest brother of the bridegroom, acted as his best man; and the bridesmaids were the Ladies Helena and Katherine Carnegie, sisters of the bridegroom; Miss Hilda Buxton, cousin; and the Misses Esther and Chenda Bland, Misses Amy and Violet Leatham and Miss Ursula Barclay, nieces of the bride; the Lady Antonia Maude, and Miss Ethel Pease. Master Terence H. Ford Barclay and Master Evelyn Barclay, nephews of the bride, attended as pages. The bride was led to the altar by her father.

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For Ladies' Column, see page 58; Wills and Deane's, page 60; Foreign News, page 62.

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IF ONE SHILLING IN STAMPS BE SENT, THE TEN PREVIOUS PICTURES WOULD ALSO BE FORWARDED.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It seems as if dreary Winter, who is known at his worst by us in London, had half spent his power when the New Year is fairly in. The winter picture shows at the great galleries are all open, and the shops begin to "sell off" their stock of thick clothing. It is not spring's advent, any more than the first flight of the swallows across our path in the meadows, or the first call of the cuckoo in the wood on the hill, can be safely taken to indicate that cold winds and clouded skies are over for the season. But our Cockney variations of the country tokens that winter is really passing by have the same effect on our minds that swallow and cuckoo have to our country cousins. The eye of faith looks more keenly and hopefully into the distance by their aid. Weary days of fog or frost are before us, we know; but we are half through the dullness, and, at any rate, here are distractions for the moment.

Everything in London just now, however, is done amid a pervading flavour of fog. It filled the New Gallery at the Tudor Exhibition private view, and gave the red dresses a fictitious importance. Red seems to be the one colour that defies fog and artificial light with the haze of fog round it. Lady Colin Campbell's red gown was something to see: a brilliant orange-red velvet Zouave jacket, braided round in black, and full high-puffed sleeves of the same velvet, over a skirt combined of velvet and cloth of red and ornamentation of black; then above there was a round black semi-turban hat, trimmed with red puff-balls. Red gowns are not necessarily so startling as that; the best dresses are most often those which do not loudly demand attention. A costume which was particularly effective was a brocaded woollen, with a black outline pattern on a red ground, made absolutely plainly except that it had velvet sleeves very large and full, and that small cut-steel buttons fastened the bodice closely down the front. A long cloak of red cashmere, with a high collar of red velvet rising at the back, and with wing sleeves deeply edged with velvet, was also effective. It was worn with the tiniest, flattest bonnet imaginable, of red velvet embroidered in gold, trimmed with a bow or two of velvet ribbon and a cluster of osprey standing upright.

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree—one of the few actresses who, while looking pretty and graceful on the stage, look even better off than on—was very becomingly costumed in heliotrope velvet, which fell in straight folds around her figure and lay some

few inches on the ground at the back, the bottom of the skirt edged all round with brown fur. This fur also trimmed the polonaise up to the throat, and decorated the tight-fitting wrists of the very full-topped sleeves, while a sleeveless seal-skin jacket was worn over all. Mrs. Herbert Schmalz (who is the sister of pretty Miss Dorothy Dene, the actress, and has much the same picturesque type of face) wore a very becoming long straight coat of ribbed velvet in grey, with high collar, and tight cuffs to the full sleeves of black velvet, beneath a black picture-hat covered with ostrich-tips.

It will be seen how very general full sleeves were. Indeed, gowns worn without mantles were almost universally made with either very big sleeves, or, at least, with the top of the sleeve gathered up towards and upon the shoulder. I suppose I need hardly add, even for my readers most out of "the movement," that the "improver" is absolutely extinct. High collars at the back of the head, cut away from under the chin, are still sufficiently novel to be "chic," but they are very much in fashion. One of the most successful coats worn was of very pale-grey cloth, gathered on to a yoke of the same, which was embroidered all over with raised dots of black; above the yoke came a high collar, also embroidered in spots, and reaching nearly to the crown of the head.

Now to turn for a moment from the people to the walls, where appear over and over again the counterfeit presentments of two remarkable Queens. It is an impressive lesson in race influence—in how the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, to the third and fourth generation, simply by transmission of evil features of character, which bring their own punishment—to see the crafty, cruel, selfish face, hollow cheeks, thin lips, pinched nose, sloping eyes, of Henry VII. carried on and varied by his descendants. The mean selfishness and cruelty there portrayed are varied without any gain in moral type, but with each child and grandchild adding individual characteristics. The reign of Henry VIII. always has seemed to me the most humiliating period of English history. As the King advanced in years, and his natural race-cruelty and selfishness, and absolute lack of sympathy, became more and more apparent because his health was declining, he grew simply a wild beast. Here he is, depicted by Holbein with the courage of genius to the life; as coldly cruel and relentless as his father, but more sensual and less avaricious.

Then comes Mary, wonderfully like to her grandfather.

but with a narrower intelligence. A little face had Mary Tudor, with a small, smooth brow, in which there was obviously no room for intellect. A small nondescript nose, and then close-pressed, thin lips, full of fierce determination, and telling of lengthened and systematic repression of all gentle and all frank emotion. Poor soul! Queen though she was, and dealer out of torture and death to hundreds better and wiser than herself, what woman can help pitying her?

Then comes Elizabeth, of whom there are many portraits, and who will always be interesting. In her the vices of her fathers were modified by her mother's love of gaiety and sharpness of wit, which give her some romantic characteristics. Then she happened to live in a most interesting period, and her own personality had much to do with the progress of her time. So, although one sees in her face the meanness of her grandfather and the cruelty of her father, it is, nevertheless, a face that interests. There is wonderful diversity in these portraits of her. Perhaps that is partly because of the evident fact that everybody who has a picture in the costume of her time at once dubs it "Portrait of Queen Elizabeth." Many of these "portraits" can hardly have been painted, even by incompetent artists, from Elizabeth's face. In this she differs from Mary: nobody pines to possess a portrait of poor Mary Tudor, who is loved in death as little as in life. So only those which are certainly portraits of her unattractive face are called by her name, and they are all much alike. But there are so-called "Elizabeths" in extreme variety. For all that, one gets a clear notion of her face from several of the paintings—high, thin aquiline nose, stern eyes, tall but rather narrow forehead, with the hair greatly frizzed turned up above the brow. Anybody who had never before thought of the importance of hereditary influence might do so in this gallery.

Elizabeth's millinery and jewellery are something stupendous. Her big sleeves, her jewelled stomachers almost down to her knees, her forehead "bob" jewel, her ropes of pearls, her quilted skirts all set with pearls at the crossing of every quilt—what period of female attire was ever so splendid? But to many ladies the most interesting part of the exhibition will be the needlework, which is among the "relics" of an age when such work was done to perfection. There is one cushion and counterpane used by Elizabeth (1064) worked in gold thread on white, which is an almost matchless piece of embroidery.

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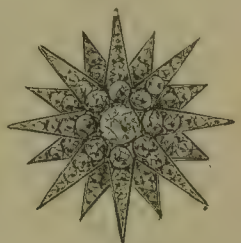
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Fares—Single: First 35s. 7d., Second 25s. 7d., Third 18s. 7d.; Return, First 68s. 3d., Second 42s. 3d., Third 33s. 3d. Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent Saloons, &c. Tickets valid for 14 days. Stations at Newhaven and Dieppe.

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The sheltered position of Langland Bay, with its southern aspect and balmy air, which entitles it to be called the Mentone of Wales, renders it a most desirable Winter residence. Strongly recommended by members of the medical profession.

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MONTE CARLO SEASON, 1890. The Committee of the Société des BAINS DE MER of Monaco have the honour to announce the following arrangements for the

THEATRICAL SEASON. LA STATUE.—Jan. 11-14.—Madame Chon; MM. Vergnet, Bouly, Cordier.

LE VOYAGE EN CHINE.—Jan. 15-21.—Mdlle. Levasseur; MM. Mouliet, Isnardon.

LE DOMINO NOIR.—Jan. 22-28.—Mdlle. Levasseur; MM. Mouliet, Isnardon.

LA FILLE DU REHMENT.—Feb. 1-4.—Mdlle. Levasseur; MM. Isnardon, Mouliet, Gontier.

LE MEDECIN MAIGRE LUI.—Feb. 5-11.—Mdlle. Desclamps; MM. Mouliet, Isnardon.

HAMELET.—Feb. 12-20.—Mesdames Mella, Desclamps; M. Derain.

ROMEO ET JULIETTE.—Feb. 21-23.—Mesdames Mella, Degrand; M. Derain.

LE NOT VEAU SEIGNEUR.—March 1.—Mdlle. Paulin; M. S. Leveau.

LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE.—March 4.—Mdlle. Levasseur; M. Soulaireux.

ZAMPA.—March 8-11.—Mdlle. Levasseur; MM. Soulaireux, Walimpo.

JOLI GILLES.—March 13-14.—Mdlle. Paulin; MM. Soulaireux, Isnardon.

LA PETITE AU VILLAGE VOISIN.—March 22-26.—Mdlle. Levasseur; MM. Soulaireux, Isnardon.

LE PLOTE.—March 28-31.—Mdlle. Levasseur, Paulin. There will be given a Grand Ballet Divertissement after each Representation, and Four Performances will also be given by the Comedie Francaise.

The Classical Concerts, under the direction of M. Steck, will be given every Thursday throughout the season; and the ordinary Daily Concerts will take place morning and evening as heretofore.

PIGEON-SHOOTING CONCOURS. Saturday, Jan. 11.—Poule d'Essai, Prix Cortese, Poule Réglementaire (Handicap).

Monday, Jan. 13.—NICE RACES.—First day. Prix de Villefranche, Hurdle Race, 4000 francs. Prix de Monte Carlo, Hurdle Race, 2000 francs. Prix de Roquebrune, Steeple Handicap, 4000 francs.

Tuesday, Jan. 14.—Poule d'Essai, Prix St. Trivier (Handicap), Poule Réglementaire.

Thursday, Jan. 16.—Poule d'Essai, Prix Ophoven, Poule Réglementaire.

Thursday, Jan. 16.—NICE RACES.—Second day. Prix des Alpes Maritimes, Hurdle Handicap, 4000 francs. Grand Prix de Monaco, Steeple Handicap, 2000 francs. Prix du Conseil Général, Steeple Handicap, 4000 francs.

Saturday, Jan. 18.—Poule d'Essai, Prix Dicks, Poule Réglementaire (Handicap).

Sunday, Jan. 19.—NICE RACES.—Third day. Prix du Chemin de Fer, Steeple Handicap, 4000 francs. Prix de la Société des Courses, Steeple Race, 1500 francs. Prix du Conseil Municipal, Hurdle Race, 4000 francs.

Monday, Jan. 20.—Opening of Grand Concours International. Grand Prix d'Essai, first day, 2000 francs and a poule of 100 francs each.

Tuesday, Jan. 21.—NICE RACES.—Fourth and last day. Prix d'Essai, Hurdles, 4000 francs. Grand Prix de la Ville de Nice, Steeple Handicap, 2000 francs.

Prix de S.A.S. Le Prince de Monaco, Hurdle Handicap, 1000 francs. Wednesday, Jan. 22.—Prix d'Ouverture (second day), an Object of Art and 2000 francs.

Friday, Jan. 24.—Third day.—Concours Internationaux. Saturday, Jan. 25.—Fourth day.—Grand Prix du Casino, an object of Art and 2000 francs.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 11, 1882), with two codicils (dated June 6, 1884, and June 14, 1886), of the Right Hon. Edward St. Vincent, Baron Digby, J.P., D.L., late of Minterne House, near Dorchester, who died on Oct. 16 last, was proved on Dec. 27 by Colonel the Right Hon. Edward Henry Trafalgar, Baron Digby, the son, and Richard Marker, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £395,000. The testator makes up the portions of his daughters the Hon. Victoria Alexandrina Marker and the Hon. Caroline Theresa Digby, with what they will be entitled to under settlement, to £25,000 each, and the latter is to receive, in addition, an annuity of £500 until marriage; and the portion of his daughter Lady Ashburton is made up to £10,000. He bequeaths £35,000 to each of his sons who shall not succeed to the settled estates, but they are respectively to account for certain sums advanced to them; £15,000 to his eldest son, Edward Henry Trafalgar; £100 to each executor; and legacies to servants. The sword presented to his late father for the battle of Trafalgar by the Committee of Lloyd's Patriotic Fund and his father's Trafalgar medal are made heirlooms, to go with the mansion house at Minterne. All his real and leasehold estates (including the Minterne estate) and the residue of his personal estate he settles to the use of his said eldest son for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to their respective seniorities in tail male.

The will, as contained in papers A and B (dated Oct. 15, 1884, and March 23, 1886), with two codicils (dated May 10, 1888, and April 24, 1889), of Mr. Henry Lomax Gaskell, late of Kiddington Hall, Woodstock, Oxfordshire, and of Cambus O' May, Aboyne, Ballater, N.B., who died on Oct. 28 last, was proved on Jan. 2 by Henry Brooks Gaskell, the son, John Fowden Hodges, and Adam Steinmetz Kennard, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £144,000. The testator leaves £10,000, upon trust, for each of his sons Charles Edward and Samuel William; an annuity of £500 to his daughter Margaret Caroline; an annuity of £250 to his son James; his property Cambus O' May, and all his heritable and movable property in Scotland, except money and securities for money, to his son John Francis; and other legacies. Certain articles are made heirlooms, to go with the Kiddington Hall estate, to which his eldest son, Henry Brooks, succeeds. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his daughters Alice Jane Kennard, Henrietta Parker, and Annie Blanche Brand, and to his son John Francis, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 5, 1888) of Mr. John Hartley Hind, late of The Lodge, Malpas, Cheshire, who died on Oct. 31 last, was proved at the Chester District Registry on Dec. 19 by Herbert Wheeler Hind, the son, Miss Annette Frances Hind, the daughter, and James Macdonald, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £121,000. The testator bequeaths £250 to his wife, Mrs. Henrietta Hind; £25,000, upon trust, for her, for life, and then for his five children equally; £12,000 each to his son, Herbert Wheeler Hind, and his daughters Catherine Knox, Henrietta Margaret Carlisle, and Annette Frances Hind; £7000 to his daughter Lucy Elizabeth Vernon; and other bequests. His estate, The Lodge, he leaves to his wife, for life; then to his daughter Annette Frances until marriage; and then to his said son. His houses, Ashville (subject to the life interest of his wife),

Oakville, and Woodville, and the residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said son.

The will (dated Sept. 29, 1881), with three codicils (dated March 13, 1882; April 1, 1885; and Jan. 28, 1887), of Lawrence Trent Cumberbatch, M.D., late of No. 25, Cadogan-place, who died on Aug. 18 last, at Loch Sunart, Argyle, N.B., was proved on Dec. 27 by Mrs. Ann Cumberbatch, the widow, Lawrence Trent Cave, Edward Carlton Cumberbatch, the son, and Granville George Greenwood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £107,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to his executor, Mr. L. T. Cave; £100 to each of his children; £4000 to his son Lawrence Trent Cave; £10,000, upon trust, for his son Charles Cave; £500 and all his jewellery, wines, and consumable stores to his wife; his furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, horses and carriages to his wife during widowhood; £1500 per annum to his wife during widowhood, but if the gross value of his estate is over £74,000, she is to receive £15 per annum for each £500 that he leaves in excess of that sum, and in the event of her marrying again one half of such annuity and annual sums is to be paid to her for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 27, 1888) of Protheroe Smith, M.D., late of No. 42, Park-street, Grosvenor-square, who died on Sept. 29 last, was proved on Dec. 30 by Samuel Francis Somes, Evan Morgan Protheroe, the nephew, and James Bogle Delap, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £49,000. The testator gives £500 to the Hospital for Women; his medical books, surgical instruments, horses, carriages, bust and stand, and a painting to his son, Dr. Heywood Smith; his leasehold residence, with the furniture and effects, upon trust, for his daughters Beatrice and Ida Lucy. As to the moneys to be received under various policies of assurance on his life, 500 guineas is to be paid to his said son, and the remainder held, upon trust, for his said two daughters; and legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate, including any property over which he has a power of appointment, he leaves to his four children, Marion, Beatrice, Ida Lucy, and Heywood, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1887), with a codicil (dated Nov. 17, 1888), of Mrs. Susan Darroch, late of Oakholm, Wimbledon Common, who died on Aug. 14 last, was proved on Dec. 23 by Duncan Darroch, the Rev. Charles Stuart Parker Darroch, and George Edward Darroch, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £28,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500, upon trust, to pay the income to her son Duncan, in full confidence that he will employ it in providing preaching in Torridon Church, in the erection of which she largely helped, and at his death to transfer the £500 to the Free Church of Scotland, but the trustees have power given to them to appropriate the said sum as an endowment fund for the said church; £500 each to her sons Duncan and George; £2000 to her son Charles; and other legacies, pecuniary and specific. As to the residue of her property, she leaves four eighths, upon trust, for her daughter Eliza; one eighth, less £1000 to be paid thereout to her son-in-law, Mr. Morgan, upon trust, for her daughter Susan; one eighth, upon trust, for her daughter Mary; and the remaining two eighths between her sons George and Charles.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1887) of Mrs. Rebecca Watney, widow of the late Mr. James Watney, late of Haling Park, Croydon, who died on Oct. 16 last, was proved on Dec. 27 by Norman Watney and Herbert Watney, M.D., the sons, the

executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £17,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000, upon trust, for Mrs. Cecilia Wilson and the Rev. George Edwin Wilson and their children; £1000 to her son Herbert; and legacies to daughters, both pecuniary and specific, grandchildren, servants, and others. The residue of her estate and effects she leaves to her five daughters, Emily, Alice, Rebecca, Emma, and Mary, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 20, 1874) of Miss Sophia Carey, late of St. Peter Port, Guernsey, who died on Sept. 20 last, was proved in London on Dec. 19 by Thomas Godfrey Carey, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £14,000. The testatrix bequeaths whatever money she may possess in certificates of the Guernsey State to her niece, Marian Harriet Carey, for such charitable purposes for the benefit of the island as she may in her discretion think fit; and numerous legacies, pecuniary and specific, to relatives, servants, and others. As to the residue of her personal estate, she leaves one half to her brother the Rev. Peter Carey and the other half to her brother the Rev. John Carey, the share of either of them dying in her lifetime to go to his issue.

The will (dated May 10, 1883) of General John Stafford Paton, C.B., late of No. 86, Oxford-terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Nov. 28 last, was proved on Dec. 23 by Lieut.-General James Nowell Young and Major-General Blair Thomas Reid, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his daughters, Minna Elizabeth and Grace Mary, in equal moieties.

The Board of Trade have awarded the undermentioned testimonials to the crews of the Brazilian tugs Plata and Emperor, in recognition of their services in assisting to rescue the crew of the British barque Georgina, which was wrecked in a storm on English Bank in the river Plata on Aug. 21 last: a gold medal for humanity to Antonio Fassio, master of the Plata; a gold medal for gallantry and a sum of money to Cristobal di Franco, seaman of the Plata, who, at great personal risk, rescued the shipwrecked crew; a silver medal for humanity to Benito Borrazas, master of the Emperor; and sums of money to the remaining members of both crews.

The fancy ball to which all Yorkshire had been looking forward for some weeks has taken place with great success, and must have materially benefited the funds of the York County Hospital, on behalf of which, at the instance of Lady Wenlock, it had been arranged. There were seven fancy quadrilles, the first composed of characters of the time of Louis XVI., and the second of the epoch of the Directoire. In the third the ladies wore dresses of the period of Louis XVI., while their partners were officers of the 10th Hussars, who are at present quartered at York. In the fourth quadrille the gentlemen wore their hunting costumes, which they also did in the fifth, but in this instance the ladies' dresses were emblematic of flowers, as was the case, too, in the sixth; while in the seventh the dresses were representative of celebrated Gainsborough portraits. Lady Middleton organised a Highland reel; while, to keep up the combination of originality and tradition, in the course of the evening three minuets were danced by the wearers of hunt dress and of the periods of Louis XVI. and of the Directoire, followed by the good old English "Sir Roger de Coverley."

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500 Bordered Carpets, made from remnants
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Size about 7 ft. by 4 ft.

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A Toilet Powder combining every desideratum, Hygienic
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Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL
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Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the
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Prevents the decay of the TEETH.

Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.

Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.

Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.

Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from
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FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass

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RUSSIAN INFLUENZA.

Only efficient Preventive and Curative against this
Prostrating Epidemic is

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES,

Universally acknowledged the Best Remedy for
Affections of the



THROAT, CHEST,

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Recommended by the Greatest Medical Authorities,
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They are irresistible in the Cure of all Chronic Catarrhal
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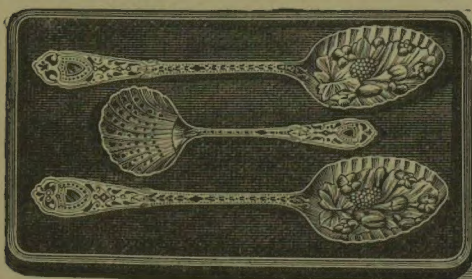
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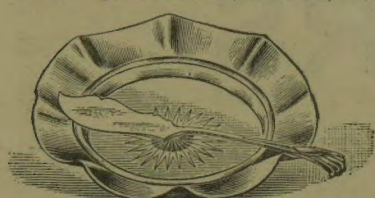
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Solid Silver, 2 Spoons and 1 Sifter, £4; 2 Spoons, £3. Best
Electro, 2 Spoons and Sifter, £1 11s. 6d.; 2 Spoons, £1 1s.



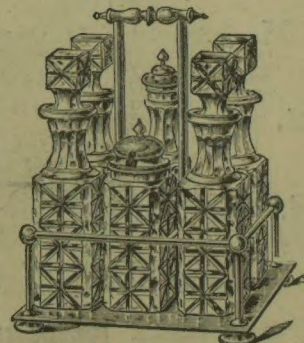
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FOREIGN NEWS.

President Carnot has recovered from the influenza, and resumed his official receptions.—The first performance of "Jeanne d'Arc" by Sarah Bernhardt, on Jan. 3, was a splendid success.

The Spanish Ministry has resigned, and Queen Christina has requested Señor Sagasta to form a new Cabinet, informing him that he possesses her entire confidence.

The King of Portugal on Jan. 2 opened the Cortes, and in his Speech from the Throne declared that the relations with all the foreign Powers were good. His Majesty also referred to the work being done by Portuguese explorers.—The final obsequies of the late Empress of Brazil were conducted at Lisbon on Jan. 7, the remains being deposited in the Pantheon of the Braganza family. Dom Pedro and the other relatives of the deceased were present.

While riding outside the Porta Maggiore, Rome, King Humbert was thrown from his horse. Though falling somewhat heavily, his Majesty was not hurt, and was able to mount another horse. He subsequently drove through the city.—On Jan. 4 the Marquis and Marchioness of Dufferin held a reception at the British Embassy in Rome.

The Royal Castle of Laeken, the suburban residence of the King and Queen of the Belgians, was totally destroyed by fire on Jan. 1. Several Illustrations and a description of the event are given in the present issue.—The Théâtre de la Bourse, Brussels, was completely destroyed by fire early on the 7th.

The German Emperor went to Silesia on Jan. 3 to shoot on the preserves of Prince Hatzfeldt-Trachenberg, one of his high household officers, returning at night next day to Berlin.—The Empress Frederick and her two daughters arrived at Rome on the 2nd. The august travellers were received by the King and Queen and the Prince of Naples, who accompanied them to the Hôtel Bristol.—After suffering from the prevailing epidemic of influenza for several days, the Dowager Empress Augusta died on Jan. 7, in the seventy-ninth year of her age. Princess Bismarck has also had a severe attack of the same complaint.—The long-debated question at Berlin of reintroducing the Court dress for gentlemen worn at the time of Frederick the Great, comprising knee-breeches, silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes, has at length been decided, the Emperor William having issued an order that civilians of all ranks shall on presenting themselves at Court wear this costume. The new order is to be observed for the

first time at the reception to be held by the Emperor on his birthday.—The death is announced, at the age of eighty-six, of Baron Von Patow, the oldest pensioned Minister of the Prussian Crown.

The Empress of Austria, the Archduchess Valérie, and the Archduke Franz Salvator returned to Vienna from Miramar on Jan. 2.

A letter from Mr. Stanley, addressed to Mr. Alexander Bruce, Dr. Livingstone's son-in-law, has been forwarded for publication by the Emin Pasha Relief Committee. It was written at Ugogo, and is dated Oct. 15. The traveller gives an account of the recent history of the kingdom of Uganda, which was narrated to him by a deputation of the Waganda. Mwanga, the monarch who was responsible for the murder of Bishop Hannington, had been deposed, and the native Christian community had grown considerably in numbers and power.

The Emin Pasha Relief Committee at Berlin have received from their agent in Zanzibar news of letters having been received by him from Dr. Peters, which prove that he was safe at a later date than Oct. 12, when it was reported that he had been murdered.

NOTICE.

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GENUINE BARGAINS will be offered in each Department. The whole of the Stock has been re-marked to very low prices purposely for this Sale. Those ladies who kindly pay an early visit can secure remarkably cheap goods.

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CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally a poisonous imitation.

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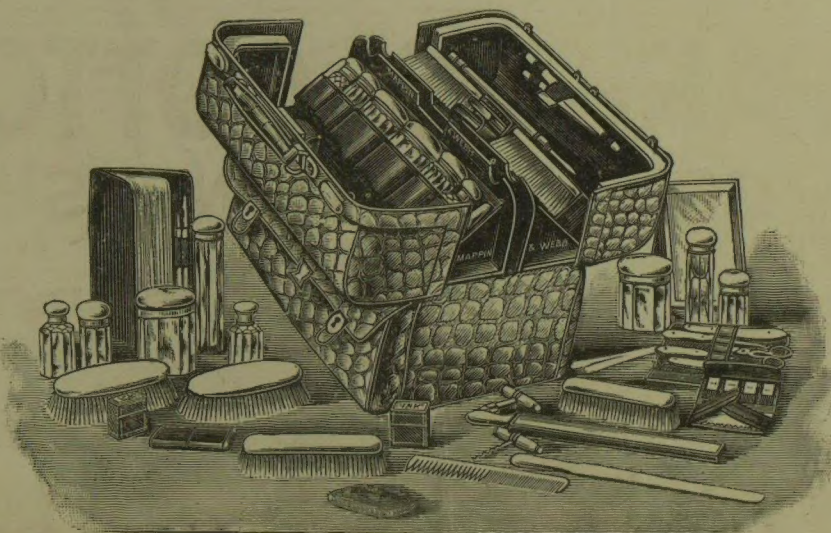
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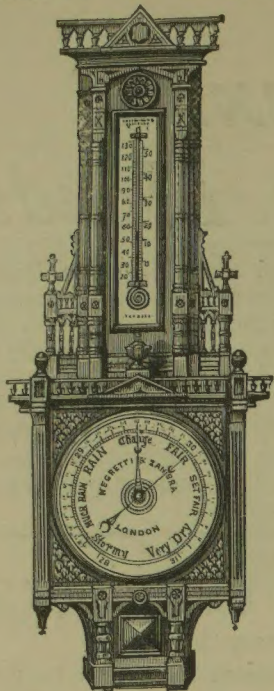
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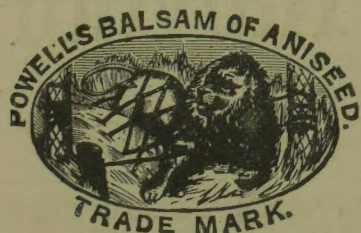
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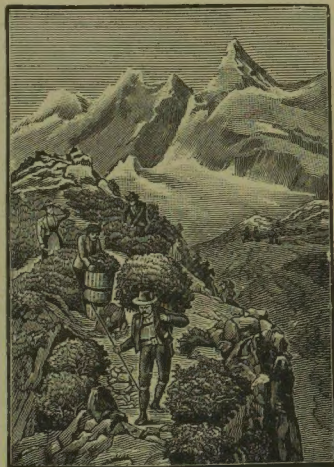
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